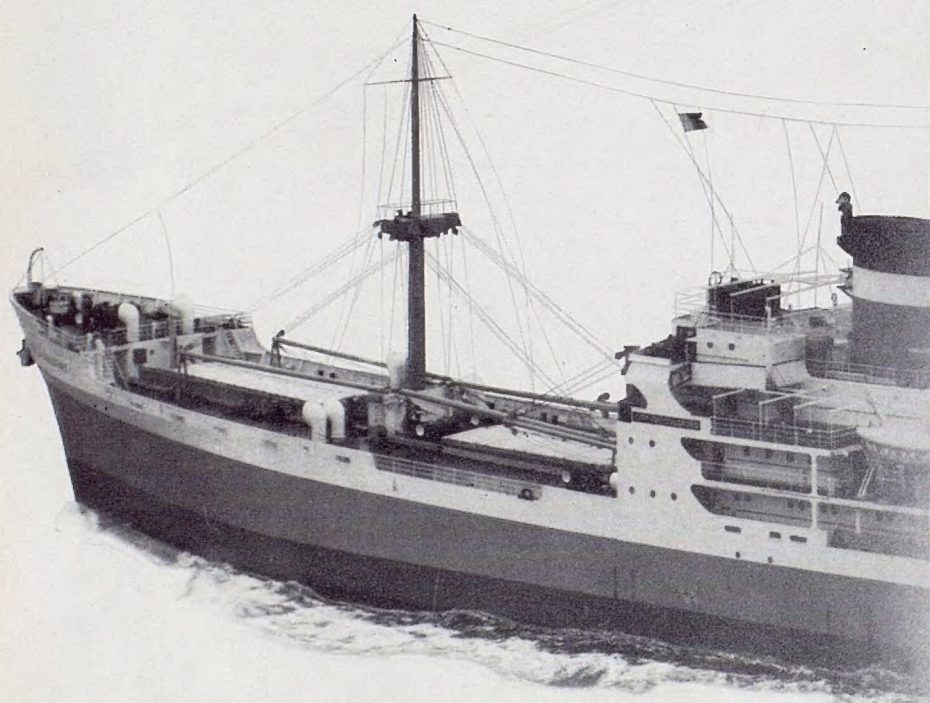


The TATTLER

JULY 30 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)



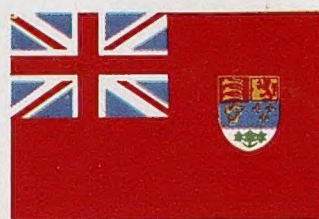


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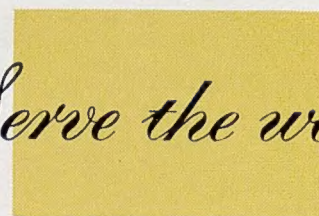
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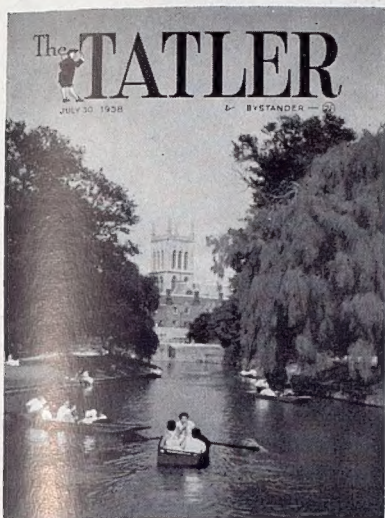


Sweden



Serve the world...

IN THIS ISSUE:



AS THE PICTURESQUE university towns empty of undergraduates they fill up with summer tourists and conference delegates. The tourists come to enjoy the architecture or the river, the delegates to take advantage of vacant college accommodation. At St. John's, Cambridge (shown here), teachers of classics are having a conference this week. At St. John's, Oxford, tonight, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is being presented

D I A R Y of the week

FROM 31 JULY TO
6 AUGUST

THURSDAY 31 JULY

Spectacle: A performance of "Son et Lumière" at Greenwich (to 27 Sept.).

Horticulture: Tynemouth Flower Show, Northumberland (to 2 Aug.).

FOR Goodwood week The TATLER publishes a description of the fashionable and fascinating racing in Lexington, Kentucky (see page 190). Sir Gerald Kelly is the subject of the second in the illustrated series "Portrait Painters of Today" (page 194). Also: Priscilla on The Month in Paris

Horse Show: R.S.P.C.A. Annual Horse Gymkhana at Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk.

FRIDAY 1 AUGUST

Tattoo: Royal Marine Tattoo at Exton Royal Marine Camp, Lymington, near Exeter (to 6th).

Polo: Semi-Final of the Aotea Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Racing at Goodwood and Thirsk.

SATURDAY 2 AUGUST

Old Customs: Rushbearing at Grasmere, Westmorland, and Well Dressing at Bonsall, Stoney Middleton and Wormhill, Derbyshire.

Navy Days at Portsmouth, Hampshire, and Plymouth, Devon (to 4th).

Yachting: The Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes.

SUNDAY 3 AUGUST

Aviation: The 1958 World Model Flying Championships at the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, near Bedford (and 4th).

Polo: Final of the Cowdray Park Cup at Midhurst.

MONDAY 4 AUGUST

Festival: The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales (to 9th) at Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

Rally: The Traction Engine Rally at Woburn Abbey, Bedford.

Racing at Epsom, Newcastle, Chesham, Ripon, and Wolverhampton.

TUESDAY 5 AUGUST

Show: The Dublin Horse Show (to 9th).

WEDNESDAY 6 AUGUST

Racing at Brighton, Pontefract and Yarmouth.

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DRESS FABRICS	VACANT
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The Advertisement Manager of THE TATLER presents his compliments and draws your attention to the Classified Advertisements which appear on page iii of this issue. These small advertisements are undoubtedly welcomed by readers and are useful to them, so that the interest is shared by both advertisers and readers. Whatever you have to sell (or wish to buy) your Classified Advertisement, set under the appropriate heading, will be well displayed at the economical rate of 1s. per word with a minimum of 15 words (Box number 1s. 6d. extra). Orders and enquiries should be addressed to:

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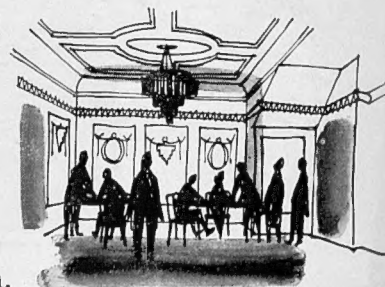


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The TATLER

& ESTABLISHED

Vol. CCXIX No. 2977

30 July 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Betty Swaabe

PERSONALITY

Diplomatic doyen

H.E. HR. PER PREBEN PREBENSEN is the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique. He has been Norway's ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1946. Now his 12-year stay in Britain is coming to an end, for he is transferring to Rome as ambassador later this year. He applied for this change for the sake of Mme. Prebensen's health, as doctors have advised that she should live in a warmer climate.

As doyen, one of Hr. Prebensen's duties is to bid the Queen an official farewell whenever she leaves the country and to greet her when she returns. He also represents the Diplomatic Corps on certain occasions and circularizes members from time to time on matters involving their common interests. As doyenne, Mme.

(Ragnhild) Prebensen is First Lady on the domestic diplomatic front.

Hr. Prebensen became a career diplomat through being occasionally seconded from the Norwegian navy. He is a G.C.V.O. and C.B.E. He has his 62nd birthday next week.

The Prebensens are both fond of travel. They speak several languages, and the ambassador's favourite reading is travel books. They have a daughter, Evelyn, and two sons—the younger (Christopher) in business, the elder (Peter) on a travelling scholarship in the United States. Hr. Prebensen is now so practised an envoy that he can make public jokes about his calling: "A diplomat is a person who tries to solve complicated problems which would never have arisen if there were no diplomats."

**Caton—Mercer**

Miss M. July Mercer, daughter of Mrs. June Mercer, Uphill Farm Estate, Wendover, and of Colonel H. L. Mercer, married Captain David O. Caton, R.E., son of the late Mr. A. W. Caton & of Mrs. Caton, Rainsford Avenue, Chelmsford, at St. Leonard's, Wendover

**McMaster—Taylor**

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. & Mrs. R. M. Taylor, Iwerne Courtney (Shroton) Rectory, Blandford, married Mr. Albert Brian McMaster, son of Dr. & Mrs. J. C. McMaster, Court Ash, Nether Compton, Dorset, at St. Mary's Church, Shroton

**Broad—Hawke**

Miss Morwenna Hawke (left), daughter of Sir Anthony & Lady Hawke, Cranmer Court, London, married Mr. Michael R. D. Broad, son of Lt.-Col. R. Broad, Queen's Court, London, and Mrs. R. Nightingale, Rolfe's Farm, Wickhambrook, Suffolk, at the Temple Church

**Brown—Horton**

Miss Mary Elizabeth Horton (right), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. T. Leslie Horton, Dell Farm, Newfound, Basingstoke, married Mr. Keith Cecil Brown, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. A. G. Brown, Freemantle Park, Hannington, Basingstoke, at St. Leonard's Church, Oakley

**Hamilton—Murphy**

Miss Joan Elizabeth Murphy, daughter of Mrs. Leonard Murphy, of Dublin, married Mr. William K. Blackburn Hamilton of Grey-stones, Co. Wicklow, Republic of Ireland, at the Grosvenor Chapel, London

**Stewart-Clark—Loudon**

Miss Lydia Loudon, daughter of Jonkheer & Mrs. James Loudon of Valkenhorst, Valkenswaard, Holland, married Mr. John Stewart-Clark, son of Sir Stewart & Lady Stewart-Clark, Dundas, Scotland, at the Grosvenor Chapel, London

SOCIAL JOURNAL

County Hall has a party

by JENNIFER

MASSES OF BEAUTIFUL flowers (provided by the Parks department of the London County Council) banked the wide stairway and hall of County Hall, Westminster, for the chairman's annual reception. Guests were received by the chairman Mr. A. E. Samuels & Mrs. Samuels, the vice-chairman Mrs. Eleanor Goodrich & Mr. W. G. Goodrich, and the deputy chairman Lady Petrie (for several years Mayor of Kensington) & Sir Charles Petrie. Also helping to entertain the guests were the leader of the council, Mr. I. J. Hayward, & Mrs. Hayward, and the leader of the opposition, Mr. A. G. F. Rippon, M.P. & Mrs. Rippon. Viscountess Lewisham, a new councillor, I saw talking to the Dominican Ambassador.

A buffet supper was laid on for those who wanted it, and there was dancing all evening, exhibitions in six of the rooms, a fashion parade by students of the council's Barrett Street Technical College, and conducted tours to the roof. There, from a special platform, you got a fine view of London. But what I found most pleasant was to stroll on the terrace overlooking the Thames and chat to friends while a string band played softly near by. Lady Dorothy Macmillan was out there, and I met the gay and intelligent Turkish Ambassador talking to Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Mr. & Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter. Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Morrison were sitting at one of the tables and I saw Lady Petrie's brother, Mr. Mason, and his wife with a group of friends. Others at this big reception were Lord & Lady Nathan, Stella Marchioness of Reading and Italian Conte & Contessa de Thiene.

An Anglo-Dutch wedding

Those two gay and attractive princesses, Crown Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene of the Netherlands, went to an Anglo-Dutch wedding in the Grosvenor Chapel. Beautiful white flowers decorated each side of the altar and the font. The bridegroom was Mr. John Stewart-Clark, only son of Sir Stewart & Lady Stewart-Clark of Dundas Castle, West Lothian. His lovely bride was Jonkvrouwe Lydia Loudon, daughter of Jonkheer W. Loudon & Mme. Loudon of Valkenhorst, Valkenswaard (*picture on p. 184*). The bride wore a beautiful dress of white lace over white satin, and her long tulle veil was held in place by a pearl embroidered white satin cap. She had one child bridesmaid, Belinda Page-Wood, who was in a long white organza dress with a tiny coronet of yellow and white flowers, and four older bridesmaids. They were her sister Jonkvrouwe Margarethe Loudon, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, Miss Katherine McLure Smith and Jonkvrouwe Mea van Lanschot. They wore ballet-length pale lilac organza dresses and large tulle picture hats.

After the ceremony the two princesses went on to the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where they met many friends including Mrs. David Liddell-Grainger, at whose wedding last December in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, they were both bridesmaids. Their mother, Queen Juliana, and Mrs. Liddell-Grainger's mother, Lady May Abel Smith, are lifelong friends. At the reception I met the bride's parents (Mme. Loudon wearing pale blue), the bridegroom's parents, Sir Stewart & Lady Stewart-Clark (the latter wearing a hat of white ospreys with a white lace dress and coat), the bride's good-looking uncle Mr. John Loudon and his wife (they live most of



Desmond O'Neill

FOXHOUNDS ON SHOW AT PETERBOROUGH

Masters of Foxhounds congregated at Peterborough for the Royal Foxhound Show. *Top:* Pairs of bitches in the judging ring. The champion bitch hound was Doormat, owned by the Duke of Beaufort. *Bottom:* The duke with the duchess (*left*) and Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Baylis. Mr. Baylis is Master of the Croome

An Empire party at St. James's

The State rooms of St. James's Palace were packed with guests when the Queen Mother attended a reception given by the Joint Commonwealth Societies in her honour. Her Majesty, who wore a pale grey chiffon dress and pink petal hat, was received by Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt (chairman of the Societies' conference) & Lady Harcourt. He escorted her through the rooms with Earl De La Warr, and Col. R. W. Hills, general secretary of the Victoria League. A number of presentations were made at this happy gathering of friends from overseas.

Among those present were Mr. & Mrs. Hurlburt, Mrs. H. E. Longworth, the Rev. Dr. Margaret Edwards, Mr. & Mrs. Cureton, Miss L. Murphy, Mrs. G. C. Hall and Miss S. M. Cameron (from Canada), Mr. & Mrs. G. E. Bagot, Mrs. M. M. Ranson, Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Cooke and Brig. & Mrs. A. T. J. Bell (Australia), Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Clapperton (New Zealand), Mr. & Mrs. D. M. McDiarmid and Miss R. Gordon (South Africa), Mr. & Mrs. E. Ajayi (Nigeria) and Mr. & Mrs. E. P. Grace (Hong Kong). Among home members I saw the Countess of Halsbury, Lady Douglas-Pennant, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Countess De La Warr, the Countess of Home, and Col. Archer Cust.



Van Hallan

At the Commonwealth Societies' reception Sarah Giles presented a bouquet to the Queen Mother. Above: Sarah with her grandmothers, Countess De La Warr (left) and Mrs. F. L. Giles

the year in England), and another uncle, Mr. Ozieck. Like all the family he is musical and played the organ for part of the service. Also there were the bride's cousin Mr. William Loudon with Lady Prudence Loudon and their daughters Catherine and Arabella.

The bride is one of a family of eight and all her brothers and sisters were present. Her eldest brother John, who is in the Dutch army, was in the full-dress uniform of his regiment with the Orange sash which is worn only when royalty are present. Her eldest sister Mrs. Mackenzie had come from South America; the next sister Margarethe was a bridesmaid; and I saw the youngest, Eugénie, with three of her brothers, Eric-Hugo, James and Ronald. Others present included the bridegroom's aunts Barbara Lady Page Wood and Miss Elizabeth and Miss Marie Stewart-Clark, also Baron & Baroness Fritz van Tuyll, Madam Sillem (who had several young Dutch friends to stay in her London home for the wedding), the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, Countess Cadogan with Lady Sarah and Lady Daphne Cadogan, Lord & Lady Brocket, Lady Primrose (attractive in navy blue and white), Sir Hugh & Lady Smiley and his mother Valerie Lady Smiley, and Miss Caroline Levy (just back from a trip to Italy, Spain and Portugal).

I had to leave before the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake, but others I saw at the wedding included Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow & her daughter, Lady Doreen Prior-Palmer, the Countess of Mansfield and her daughter-in-law Viscountess Stormont, Mrs. Magnay, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling, Mr. David Buchan who was best man, the Countess of Lindsay, Mrs. des Graz and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior.

The Queen's deputy: her mother

It was a disappointment to thousands who were invited to the two Royal garden parties at Buckingham Palace that illness prevented the Queen from being present. At the second party the Queen Mother (who deputized for Her Majesty on both occasions), was in white chiffon with a blue-and-white osprey hat. She came out on to the lawn accompanied by Prince Philip and they separated to visit different sections of guests, the Queen Mother accompanied by the Earl of Scarbrough (the Lord Chamberlain). The Duchess of Kent in a red print and Princess Alexandra in blue with a large straw hat, with her lady-in-waiting Lady Moyra Hamilton, also took different routes, all meeting again later at the Royal tea tent.

The guests included Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Anthony & Lady Eden, and many bishops (some of them coloured) from the Lambeth Conference. Some of the Commonwealth guests wore their national costumes, which made a lovely splash of colour. I saw the Moroccan Ambassador and his beautiful wife—both of whom were also in their national dress, talking to the American Ambassador & Mrs. John Hay Whitney, and to the Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, both wives looking exceptionally chic in silk dresses.

It was a warm afternoon so that guests could stroll on the lawns and admire the herbaceous border facing the palace, or the beauty of the lake. Afterwards they could have tea in the long marquee. Lord & Lady Mowbray & Stourton were walking on the lawn, as were the Earl & Countess of Harewood and the Hon. Gerald & Mrs. Lascelles, Sir Kenneth & Lady Gibson, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter chic in a grey-and-white printed taffeta dress and large black hat, Lord & Lady Lyle of Westbourne, Sir Simon & Lady Marks, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Mr. Robert & Lady Serena James talking to the Countess of Ronaldshay and her débutante daughter Lady Serena Dundas, Sir Nigel Mordaunt escorting his attractive wife (who wore a blue and white tie-silk dress and large hat to match), Alexandra Lady Worsley, Major Philip Pease accompanied by his daughter Carol and Sir Cyril & Lady Salmon. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, was looking after and introducing many of the diplomatic guests, and others "on duty" included Sir Terence Nugent, Sir Norman Gwatkin, Major Mark Milbank, Lord Digby and Col. Sydney Fitzgerald.

A cricket match for charity

I went down to Tichborne Park in Hampshire on a recent Sunday for the annual cricket match which Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne organized in aid of charity. This year the charity chosen was the Hampshire & Isle of Wight Association of Boys' Clubs. Sir Anthony's XI played against Terence Rattigan's XI, composed of first-class cricketers and friends from the world of entertainment. Before the match Sir Anthony & Lady Tichborne entertained the teams and some of the wives and friends to a gay luncheon.

Terence Rattigan captained his own team, which included Denis Compton (who made 69), Don Smith, the England and Sussex player (who made 80), Maurice Tremlett, captain of Somerset, Roy Marshall, Hampshire's opening bat, and that great bowler Frank "Typhoon" Tyson. Also in the side were John Mills (who was bowled first ball), Ludovic Kennedy, who opened the batting with Roy Marshall, Frankie Vaughan and Terry-Thomas who were both amusing at the wicket, Burt Lancaster, a good baseball player who had never played cricket before, and Laurence Harvey, whose wife Margaret Leighton was there to watch him. This side had made over 200 runs when I had to leave.

Sir Anthony Tichborne's eleven, captained by Major David Chetwode (who held a splendid catch during the play), included Lord Chesham who has for some years captained the fathers' cricket team against the girls at Heathfield School. Others in the side were Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Hampshire's young skipper, Lord John Hope, M.P., Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, Capt. Roger Harvey, Lewis Harfield, P. Loader, K. Millard (who kept wicket), and Jim Bailey, who took several wickets. The match ended in a draw.

During an interval Viscount Moneck, whom I had met at lunch



Admiral Sir Cecil & Lady Harcourt. Sir Cecil is chairman of the Joint Commonwealth Societies



Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Gordon. He is the Commissioner for the West Indies, British Guiana and British Honduras



Prince Stephen of Toro, Uganda (he is up at Cambridge), Miss Christine Braine and Earl De La Warr

with Viscountess Monck, made an appeal in aid of the Boys' Clubs, whose members, he said "are taught to be good citizens, good neighbours, and good sportsmen."

Among friends who had come to support this event were Zena Durrant, Lady Willa Chetwode, Lady John Hope, Mr. Osbert Lancaster, Lady Cullen, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Mrs. Anthony Nutting, Mr. Roger Harey, Judge Patrick Barry & Lady Barry, Mr. Alan Lubbock and Mr. & Mrs. Robin Compton.

At Anthony & Lady Tichborne's three pretty daughters Anne, Miranda and Denise were all there to help their parents; also Viscountess Rotherham, Miss Alicia Clyde, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Miss June Dumas.

Children gave dance matinées

Clashing of dates is always unfortunate, as when the same afternoon was chosen for two children's dancing matinées. I went to the one at the Adelphi Theatre which was organized by Miss Ballantine in aid of the League of Pity. For each of the past four years it has raised over £1,000. Here pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine, ranging in age from 21-month-old Jane Anne Davies, who did a little solo, to 16-year-old Robin Whittle, a graceful girl who danced in the classical ballet, provided a splendid entertainment. There was a bevy of pretty young girls selling programmes—among them Penelope Riches, Zia Foxwell and Davina Nutting. Miss Nutting's half-sister, Alexandra Rubens, took the part of a shrimp, and her 11-year-old

cousin Zara Nutting danced the St. Bernard's Waltz beautifully with 13-year-old Vicki Drummond Moray who also performed in the classical ballet and several other numbers. One of these was a picturesque item called "My Lady's Choice" in which she was a young girl making her choice of soaps, cosmetics and perfumes.

Five-year-old Madeleine Howard sang "The Poodle and the Peke" outstandingly well in the number called "In the Park." In this 27 pupils took part, among them Lavinia Ormiston, Louise Harrington, Caroline Hawkins and Joanna Pool. The Hon. Hugh & Mrs. Lawson-Johnston's three daughters, Primrose, excellent as the wicked Queen, Juliet as a woodman and Marguerite as a dwarf, took part in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Snow White was played with great charm by Thomasine Gilbey. Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight's six-year-old daughter Amanda danced a waltz beautifully with six-year-old Davina Millard. Both little girls are graceful and have a keen sense of rhythm and time.

Dorothy Dickson was there with her daughter Dorothy Hyson (Mrs. Anthony Quayle) to watch Jennifer and Rosanna Quayle, both pretty girls who dance well. Sir Robert & Lady Frank came to see their elder daughter, six-year-old Maria, as an enchanting little schoolgirl in an amusing item called "Victoria Station at 10.30 a.m." Lady Pender was with her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, whose little daughter Annabel Dent danced in "Georgie Porgie." Also dancing, beside the children I have already mentioned, were Joanna McCallum whose parents Googie Withers and Donald McCallum were watching from a box with their small son; also Gabrielle-Jane Lloyd, Victoria and Penelope Streeter, Robert Mathias, Malcolm Hayes, Linda Dennison-Pender and Amanda Forbes. Other children who performed were Susanna and Jennifer Delfont, Sally Burbridge, Susan Astley, Faith Holland-Martin, Elizabeth de Trafford, Susan Brewis, Sabrina Franklyn (as one of the dwarfs in "Snow White"), and Carola Van Lynden.

At the Palace Theatre Miss Vacani's pupils were dancing in aid of the Family Welfare Association. They included the Hon. Mrs. John Wills's daughter Marilyn, Caroline Hamilton, Susan Babington-Smith, Jane Crichton and Sarah Rose Winnington, who all took part in an "Easter Parade" ballet. Lady Lepel Phipps was a mermaid in one of the numbers. Twenty years ago her mother the Marchioness of Normanby was a leading pupil in one of Miss Vacani's matinées, and I am told that her solo as a newsboy will never be forgotten!

An M.P.'s son marries

Norman Hartnell designed a beautiful dress of white duchesse satin with pearl embroidered satin bows for Miss Dawn Janson, only child of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Janson when she married Mr. Antony Grimston, younger son of Sir Robert Grimston, M.P., & Lady Grimston at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her three-tiered tulle veil was held in place each side by clusters of white roses. The brides-



Mr. Antony Grimston, second son of Sir Robert Grimston, M.P. for Westbury, Wilts., & Lady Grimston, of Lowndes Court, Knightsbridge, and Miss Dawn Janson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Janson, of Fair Hall, Southover, Lewes, Sussex, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, described by Jennifer



The Arab Horse Show at Richmond

Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher (left), a débutante, on her Diamond Dust, which was entered in the ridden-horse class. Below (left): Lady Anne Lytton with Mrs. I. M. Yeomans, president of the show. Right: Mr. W. E. Dinsdale, next year's president, with his wife. He judged the stallions and colts



Desmond O'Neill

maids, Miss Ella Grimston, Miss Mary Portal, Miss Caroline Barrington-Ward, Miss Penelope Craycroft-Amcotts, Miss Elizabeth Lawther and Miss Jennifer Archdale-Smith wore dresses of deep pink taffeta covered in white organza and headdresses of pink roses. The two child bridesmaids, Anne Beckwith-Smith and Christobel Bingham Baylay, were in white organza dresses with pink sashes, with wreaths of rosebuds on their heads. The pages, Robin Grimston and David Felstead, wore white silk shirts with lace ruffles and deep pink corded silk breeches.

The bride's parents held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where many relations and friends of both families were present. Among them were Mr. Robert Grimston, who was best man to his brother, the bride's grandmother Mrs. Marsh, Lady Newman, Mr. Robert & the Hon. Mrs. Grimston, Mr. & Mrs. Teddy Underdown, Mr. & Mrs. Guy Shoosmith, Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Janson, the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny, their daughters Lady Anne & Lady Vivienne Nevill, Lord & Lady Dovercourt, Lady Elizabeth Motion, Mrs. Stuart Cameron, the Hon. Gerald & Mrs. Ponsonby, and Col. & Mrs. Felstead. The young couple have gone on honeymoon on the Italian lakes.

An American victory at Ascot

It is a rewarding and satisfactory feeling to watch a good thoroughbred prove himself a champion. This year's race for the King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot (the richest prize of the season) was the best I have ever seen and I would not have missed it. Last year's St. Leger winner Ballymoss, who had won the valuable Eclipse Stakes at Sandown the previous week, drew away to pass the winning post, with his ears pricked, three lengths in front of the Queen's game and beautiful mare Almeria (who had made all the running), with the Queen's second string, Doutelle, three-quarters of a length away third. Behind them were the French-trained Al Mabsoot (second in this race last year), this year's Derby winner Hard Ridden, French-trained Thila, winner of last year's German 1,000 Guineas, German Oaks and Aral Cup, and the much-fancied Brioche. Third in the St. Leger, Brioche this year won the Yorkshire Cup at York and the Hardwicke Stakes at Royal Ascot, beating China Rock, who was also in this field.

The Queen was not well enough to be present to see her two home-bred runners do so well. There was tremendous cheering as the Queen Mother, a cool figure in lavender and white-patterned chiffon, came down to the unsaddling enclosure, where she was one of the first to

congratulate American Mr. J. McShain and his wife, owners of Ballymoss, and Mr. Vincent O'Brien, the brilliant Irish trainer who saddled the winner. The Queen Mother then went with the Queen's trainer Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort to see Almeria and Doutelle unsaddled and congratulate their respective jockeys Harry Carr and J. Mercer.

It is now hoped that Ballymoss, who is by Mossborough out of Indian Call and was bred by Mr. R. Ball, will run in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in France on 5 October.

The duchess won, too

The Duchess of Norfolk looked attractive in a blue-and-white printed silk dress when she went into the winners' unsaddling enclosure after her home-trained Middle Watch had won the first race. The Duke of Norfolk was there to congratulate her; he had won a race the previous day with Stalker, also trained by the duchess and W. Smyth at Arundel. The duke was one of the stewards with the Marquess of Abergavenny, Lord Tryon and Capt. Charles Moore. Others there to enjoy this pleasant afternoon's racing in glorious sunshine were the American Ambassador, Mr. "Jock" Whitney, whom I saw in the paddock with Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the Earl & Countess of Fingall (both horse-lovers) over from Ireland, the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry, and Viscount Astor, who had his usual big weekend house party at Cliveden, and whose Hornbeam had a walkover in the last race. Also: Earl & Countess Cathcart, Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, who race in South Africa, Viscountess Bury, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, Mr. William & Lady Belinda Dugdale, Major & Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw, Capt. & Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel, Mr. Derek Mullens the Government broker and Mrs. Mullens, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Morgan, Mr. & Mrs. Spencer le Marchant, and Brig. & Mrs. Willy Wyatt whose Calceolaria ran second in the Rosslyn Stakes.

Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Mathews with Mr. Robert & the Hon. Mrs. Evans were others racegoing; also Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Soames, who were staying with the Queen Mother at Royal Lodge, and Major & the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who had given a wonderful dance at Allanby Park the previous night at which the Queen Mother and her guests were present. I will write about this dance next week.

For those spending next weekend on the Isle of Wight there will be a Bank Holiday ball at the Pitt House Club at Bembridge on Saturday night, 2 August. Tickets, which are limited, from Mrs. Clegg at Pitt House Club.



A. V. Swaebø
MISS VACANI'S MATINÉE: Frances Ann Pearl (granddaughter of Mrs. Warren Pearl) presents a bouquet to the Countess of Harewood, watched by Miss Vacani. (The matinée is described on page 187)



NEWS PORTRAITS

CEREMONY The Queen's Swan-Master, Mr. Fred Turk, who is 82, sits by the royal flag as his boat leads the procession for the annual swan-upping ceremony on the Thames. Starting from Blackfriars, Mr. Turk's swan-uppers rowed to Richmond to tag the royal swans



RECOGNITION Dame Maggie Teyte, the concert soprano, who became a Dame Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in the Birthday Honours, received her insignia at a Buckingham Palace investiture. Dame Maggie is 70



COMPETITION Lord Swansea, 32-year-old 4th baron, reached the finals of the Queen's Prize at Bisley for the fifth time since 1949, winning a silver medal on the way. In the final he finished sixth. Capt. Lord Swansea belongs to Portcawl Rifle Club



CALUMET FARM: MILES OF WHITE FENCING MAKE PATTERNS OF THE UNDULATING BLUE GRASS COUNTRY

FLYING in to the "Blue Grass" airport in Lexington, Kentucky, my first impression was of one of those over-coloured glossy picture postcards. The gentle undulating green grasslands, broken into paddocks and pastures by miles of immaculate white fencing, and the neatness of the whole scene are breathtaking. Just as we were getting ready to touch down, I spotted the lovely Keenland racetrack. The tan shade of the track showed that this was dirt, instead of the grass we are so used to on British racecourses. The clubhouse was granite, the grandstand and boxes spacious, and the neatly trimmed privet hedge is cut into the letters KEENLAND, and surrounded by the white rails of the oblong shaped track. This all made an unusual approach to an airstrip.

In the airport building, large photographs hung above the airlines' and rental cars' small kiosks. I noticed a fine action-shot of that great American stallion Bulldog, a paddock of grazing brood-mares, a group of Hereford cattle, a race in progress at Keenland. As I glanced at the people around me arriving and departing, I saw that it was race-and-sale week in Keenland. There were cowboys from the woolly West with ten-gallon hats and complete "outfit" down to spurs, South Americans, immaculate City businessmen—all giving the atmosphere sparkle.

On the way to the hotel, I passed the famous Calumet farm, which has produced more Kentucky Derby winners than anywhere in the world. The great horse Citation stands at stud there. This horse gained world fame by winning \$1,085,760 in stakes. Calumet is the country home of Cdr. & Mrs. Gene Markey (formerly Mrs. Warren Wright, Snr.) and it is next to the Keenland racetrack. Even the leaves on the trees up the drive seem to grow in complete neatness

at Calumet, and the serene beauty of this famous stud is a memorable sight.

We sped on to the busy and tensifying atmosphere of Lexington's Main Street, the town's shopping centre. It is much more like the larger provincial cities in this country than a town in the States. There are more small select dress shops and fewer departmental stores and supermarkets. We put our automobile in one of those parking garages that the United States is noted for, and it was whisked up to be parked on one of the upper floors. In the hotel everyone seemed to be clutching a "Daily Racing Form" and a sale catalogue. No wonder they call Lexington the centre of the American racehorse industry! This was, of course, an important week, with horses to be bought and sold, races to be won, and millions of dollars involved.

Next morning, I visited Claiborne and Spendthrift farms. With Calumet, these are the Big Three studs in Lexington. Claiborne is the home of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. "Bull" Hancock, and it sold, as yearlings, those American champions, Round Table, Bayou, Dedicate, Nadir and the 1957 Horse of the Year—Bold Ruler. I was greeted by Mr.

Hancock and shown the Stud Barn where I saw 14 fine stallions, including two great English horses, Nasrullah and Tulyar. Nasrullah was the leading English sire in 1951, leading U.S. sire of two-year-olds in 1954 and 1956, leading U.S. sire in 1955 and 1956, and second leading sire to another Claiborne stallion, Princequillo, in 1957. What a record! Tulyar was looking more like his former self after his much publicised illness, and should soon prove himself another great English-bred stallion in the United States.

At Spendthrift, I pulled up outside the white Georgian-style residence of Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Combs II, and paused to look at some fine brood mares grazing in a paddock just across the well-timbered lawn in front of the house. Leslie Combs gave me the usual cheery welcome and smile that he has for everyone. I had one wish here—to see Nasrullah's great son Nashua, a winner of \$1,288,565 in stakes. I was shown altogether 21 stallions, all top stakes winners either as two- or three-year-old handicap, cup and classic horses. The English-bred Solar Slipper, Royal Charger, My Babu, Ardan (sire of Hard Sauce, who in turn is sire of Sir

I go racing in Kentucky

by SERAPHINE COLLINS



DTHRIFT FARM: THE GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE OF THE OWNERS LOOKS OUT ON TO THE PASTURES

There are big differences
between the racing at
Goodwood and at Keenland—
but the excitement is the same

Victor Sassoon's Hard-Ridden, this year's Epsom Derby winner) were all there, looking well and happy.

Anyone who has been racing in the United States knows of the excellent facilities available to the racing public, and I always think Keenland is the best example of this. The service, from the car-park attendants upwards, is outstanding. I arrived with half-an-hour to spare before racing started, and I must admit that with the usual pent-up feeling we all have at race-meetings, my Whiskey Manhattan and lunch of tossed green salad became a little indigestible!

In the clubhouse dining-room there were many celebrities. I saw Mr. & Mrs. John Hay Whitney (the U.S. Ambassador in London), and Senator John Sherman Cooper (Kentucky's senator, one-time U.S. ambassador to India) & his elegant wife Loraine. Governor "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky told me he would never forget his visit to England in 1956 and his meeting with "your great Sir Winston Churchill." Prince Aly Khan was there and so was Mrs. Elizabeth Graham (Elizabeth Arden), who owns Maine Chance farm in Lexington. I also saw Mr. Harry Guggenheim, who owns the Derby

disappointment, Bald Eagle, trained in this country by Capt. Boyd-Rochfort. Then there was Mr. "Larry" McPhail, founder of the New York Yankees; Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Constantine, the Texan oil man; Mr. & Mrs. Seagram, of Seagram's gin fame, down from Canada; Mr. Rex Ellsworth, who bought most of Prince Aly Khan's mares at last year's Newmarket December Sales; Bing Crosby and his attractive new wife; Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James; Victor Mature and Hoagy Carmichael.

The afternoon's racing passed quietly—or so it seemed to me—with no bookmakers shouting odds on the rails. Betting is all Tote, of course, at American tracks. Lexington is very social at these race weeks. After racing, cocktail and dinner parties are given. To one of these colourful examples of American hospitality I went and found everything thought of, delightfully done, and my hostess gracious and charming. There was little time, however, to get back to Keenland for the evening sales.

The sale-ring building was a large circular affair with the parade-ring directly below the auctioneers. Through sliding doors to the left and right of their rostrum were the entrance and exit for the horses. The actual auctioneering is worth listening to, especially if you have never attended an auction sale in America.

It is done at terrific speed with the auctioneers hardly pausing to take breath.

Nashua won \$1,288,565 before being retired to stud at Spendthrift. With the horse are Alfred Robertson (his regular groom), "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons (his trainer), and Leslie Combs II (head of the Nashua Syndicate)

No slow and sure "What am I bid? Make it guineas, sir." Here they go up in large amounts, "One thousand, two thousand." The word dollars is never even mentioned—nor indeed would there be time to mention it. A bid was closed, the animal bought and the auctioneer saying "Now Lot No. So-and-so" before, as an English spectator, I could realize what was happening.

The strong influence of bloodstock from the British Isles is certainly felt in the United States, and in this warm-hearted country of the "Blue Grass" British horses are constantly discussed. By the end of the sale, at 10 p.m., conversation was already buzzing about the next day's selling.

To say I enjoyed my visit to Lexington would be an understatement. Lexington, with its summer sun, is certainly one of the most beautiful spots in the world.





I was stared out by the TV eye

Even a film producer has his secret ambition to be on the other side of the camera—and here's what happens when he gets there

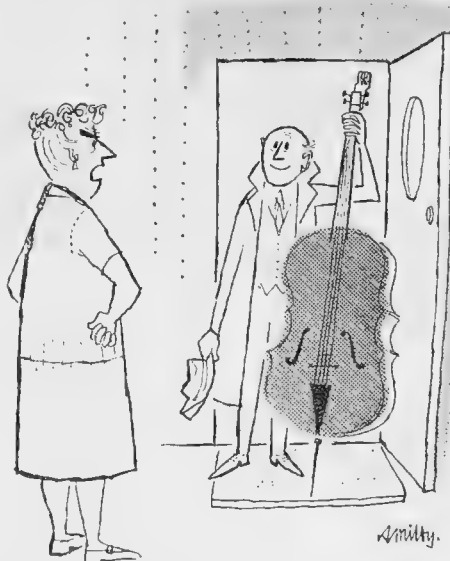
by MONJA DANISCHEWSKY

WE ARE still licking our wounds from a brief and inglorious attempt to establish ourself as a television personality. It was not, to tell the truth, our first attempt to fulfil an ambition deep-rooted today in the heart of anyone who wants to get rich quick. Not that we have any elevated idea of ourself. It was humility that drove us to it, for we had heard the definition of a television personality as "a nonentity who has appeared twice on television." We felt we had the first qualification, but as for the other, we had appeared only once before—as a guest in a panel game called: "Down You Go." And down we went. Not with a bang—with a whimper. It has taken us all that time to summon up courage to do it again. It has also taken the British Broadcasting Corporation all that time, too.

If the world is divided into the haves and the have-nots, it is now clear to us that this definition embraces the categories of those who have what it takes to sit unflinching before the TV camera, and those who, like ourself, are reduced to a heart-beating, mind-emptied, fear-stricken, vacuous, insecure, eviscerated cipher. Fortified by a stiff drink or two, we sit there, self-possessed enough during the rehearsal. We do not stumble over our words, we look the dead camera straight and boldly in its unseeing eye. We are complimented by the producer: "That's fine, do it just like that when we're on." And we feel, fools that we are, that now we have mastered the medium; we have got television just where we want it.

It is an illusion. Now it is zero hour. The camera we know is now operative and its beady red stare is fixed on us. Mr. Gilbert

Harding, urbane, at ease (drat him!), the captain of his television soul, the master of his television fate, beams at us, helpful, benign, encouraging: "And now, Danischewsky, what have you got to say to that?" Our jaw drops, our mind empties: "The sedge



"What have you bought?"

is withered by the lake and no birds sing. . . ." "Come along, Danischewsky," says Mr. Harding, forgivably a little testy now. "Don't be too long about it." And that does it. A blanket of white mist envelops what a second before was our mind.

At least the experience has relieved us of

any doubts we might have entertained about whether we are a highbrow, a lowbrow, or a middlebrow. We are a nobrow. This we discovered in the 48th year of our life for the first time. The delightful Hebes of the Make-Up Department—the Cup-Bearers of Mr. Factor's mysterious unguents—were our informants. "Oh dear!" they tut-tutted, as they inspected our blushing face. "There's something missing. We'll have to give you some eyebrows, won't we?" And so before our very eyes the all-too-familiar face that grimaces at us from the shaving mirror was transformed into a minor Groucho Marx. We got to like them rather, our new eyebrows, and we were sorry when, at the end of each programme, they had to be expunged. Now they have gone for ever, and we've got to learn, all over again, to live with ourself as we are.

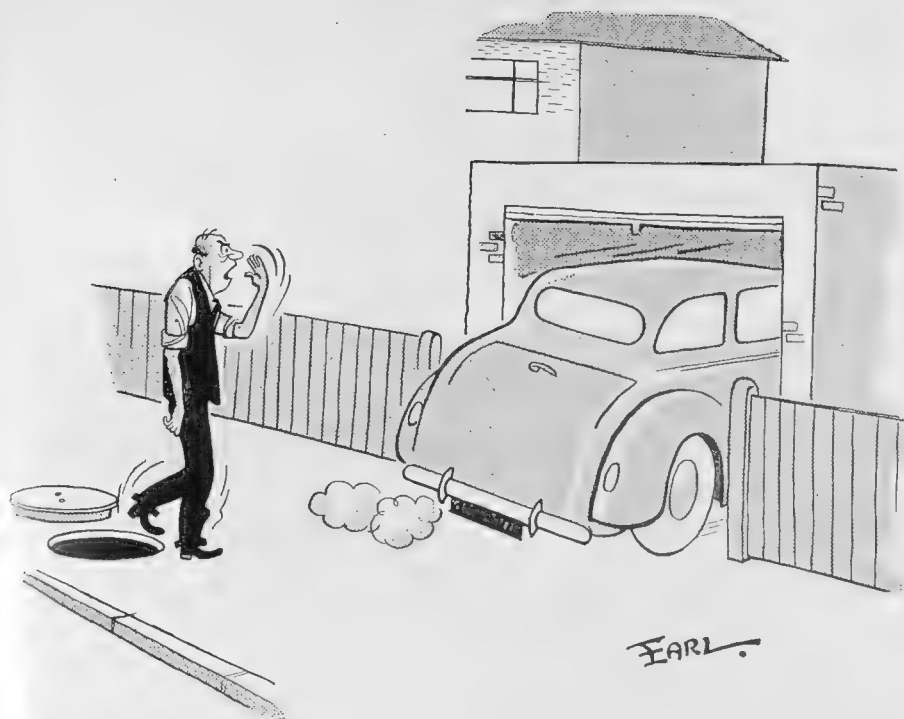
A postscript to the above: We met up, the other day, with Mr. Orson Welles. "I don't like to talk about *my own subjects* on television," he said to us. "We live in an age which believes that subjects can only be discussed by those who specialize in them. What nonsense! When I get in front of a TV camera I want to air views that are opinionated but unauthorized." How right he is! We are so tired of that unending procession of experts on television who tell us what we ought to think. Has any statistician in this statistics-loving industry totted up how many viewing hours on TV are devoted each year to the Expert airing his incontestable views? We are strongly for the amateur—preferably the one with the dropped jaw and the painted eyebrows.



BRIGGS



by Graham



George Bernard Shaw found inspiration in Covent Garden for the first scene of *Pygmalion*—as some of us older chaps still think of *My Fair Lady*. Now Covent Garden, it seems, is finding its inspiration in Shaw.

An enchanting young actress of our acquaintance, dish-washing and serving food in a café, like so many enchanting young actresses of our acquaintance (even the growth of TV hasn't stopped these morale-breaking bouts of unemployment), had this delightful story to tell us. She was taken by a young clerk to a regimental ball.

"I felt just like Cinderella," she said, "rushing away from my chores, changing into the One Dress—and then that lovely old Hall, and all those beautiful red uniforms, and the debts in their diaphanous creations and—champagne!"

But no midnight curfew for this Cinderella. It was morning when a party of them finished up drinking tea ("Heavenly, it was!") out of thick mugs with the sugar sticking to the outside in busy Covent Garden.

They were all tired, but too excited and too happy to go home. The girls had taken off their shoes and stockings and walked barefoot through the puddles admiring the flowers. *Then it happened.* Some of the porters, busy about their work, but not too busy to admire such pretty visitors with their elegant escorts, spotted Cinderella. They had worked as stage hands in shows in which she had been Assistant Stage Manager.

One of them, with the true Cockney's genius for the lightning assessment of a situation, started to sing: "I could have danced all night. . . ." Immediately other porters took up the

song and soon all Covent Garden seemed to join in the chorus.

Our Fair Lady's morning stroll became a royal procession. Flowers were pressed on her—not only flowers, but vegetables too, until she could carry no more. What a delightful scene it must have been—and all our film producers and writers, your author among them, were sound asleep. But it's nice to think, isn't it, that life can be just as we sometimes imagine it on the films?

NEXT WEEK :

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A strange sight to come across among the English oaks

Besides the Castle and the deer, Windsor Great Park has a new attraction for visitors. It is a 100-foot Red Indian totem pole, presented to the Queen by the people of British Columbia to mark the centenary of the province. Chief Mungo Martin, of the Kwikiutl tribe, took a year to carve the pole with the help of his son and a nephew. The figures represent mythical ancestors of the Kwikiutl tribe



PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF TODAY—2

Sir Gerald Kelly

KCVO, PPRA

by DAVID WOLFERS

SITTER: Mlle. Gaby Aumont—1904



THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO

IS THE ART of portraiture in decline? Some people nowadays think so. But Sir Gerald Kelly, as you can imagine, has decided views on the matter. He certainly does not consider that he has devoted most of his life to a lost cause. Nor do I. Portraiture today is no better and no worse than any other branch of painting. We may not be living in an era of artistic genius such as France experienced at the turn of the last century; but our portrait painters are just as good as their counterparts specializing in landscape, still-life or abstract art.

Sir Gerald is surely one of the best portrait painters in this country. He is stamped in the public mind as an "Academy man" after his vigorous tenure of office in the post first held by Reynolds—P.R.A. His experience and artistic understanding are by no means confined to that institution. Sir Gerald, who will be 80 this year, must be one of the liveliest and hardest-working men of his age. An Irishman, he is the son of a clergyman, who, he maintains, taught him more than any other man he has ever known.

After four undistinguished years at Eton, there came a happy, idle time at Cambridge, where he read English Literature. Then, at 23 (in 1902), Sir Gerald went to live and paint in Paris. He had a letter of introduction to Mr. Durand Ruel, through whom he became a friend of Monet, Rodin and Anatole France. The young Irishman was conscious of his good fortune and drank in all that this vintage Paris had to offer him. Monet, he says proudly, was quite fond of him. Rodin once said to him "*Dans l'art il n'y a qu'une vérité—il faut bander devant la nature.*" (He tells a story of how he persuaded an American girl to buy a Rodin for a lot of money which was badly needed.) He also met Degas. It was Degas who made that wise remark: "A painter is like a racehorse; other people make the money."

It was in Paris that Sir Gerald Kelly got to know Somerset Maugham (now his oldest friend), and on his advice he went to live and work in Spain. During his five years there he made periodic visits to England to paint portraits. Maugham referred in those days to Kelly's status as a portrait painter and said he was "like a reputable firm of solicitors in a country town." He grew steadily in stature doing above all what he most wanted to do. Sir Gerald has always enjoyed painting and delighted in the texture of paint. Painting and his happy marriage have given him a life more complete than most men enjoy.

Today in his enormous Gloucester Place studio, where he has worked for 44 years, he is painting as well as he has ever done. His colours are restrained, in keeping with the lower tones of the English climate. His tone values are excellent, the colours blending subtly into one another. Sir Gerald has a strong sense of craftsmanship, a belief in honesty and a well-developed sense of prejudice. A portrait by so sharply-defined a character is unlikely to be dull. If it is dull he wonders whether it is not the sitter's fault.

Sir Gerald Kelly could be called an earthy intellectual. He rather despises the high-flown phrase. But he is a portrait painter of great skill with an acute eye. Even if he lacks the poetry of Gainsborough and the easy flow of early John, he does probe into the personality of his subject and paints with well-judged accuracy what he sees.



COMPOSER: DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.—1952

STAR OF SILENT FILMS: KAY FRANCIS—1925



BIRTH-CONTROL PIONEER: DR. MARIE STOPES—1952



DÉBUTANTE DANCE

For Miss Belinda Bucknill
& Miss Sara Barnett

A. V. Swaabe

Miss Belinda Bucknill, daughter of Mrs. Michael Webster, and Miss Sara Barnett, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Coleridge, at their coming-out dance. It was held at Mrs. Webster's home in Windsor Forest



Miss Charlotte Lloyd with Mr. Neil Shepherd-Smith, who is at Cambridge

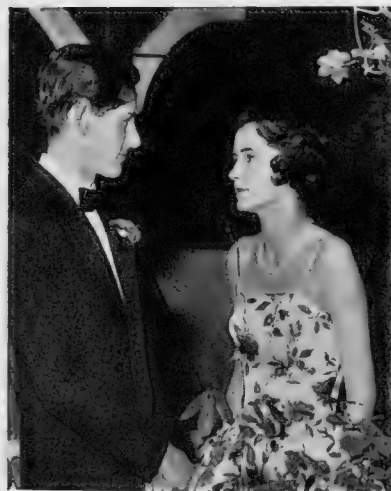


Miss Auriol Stevens and Mr. Neil Stratford. He is in the Coldstream Guards

Miss Mary Armitage and Mr. Nicholas Dawson, with Miss Lucy Armitage and Mr. Timothy Dawson. They are twin sisters and twin brothers



Mr. David Lort-Phillips, brother of Miss Jane Lort-Phillips, Mr. Michael Batten, and Miss Bronwen Lort-Phillips, her sister



Mr. John Pascoe and Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, daughter of Sir Gerald & Lady d'Erlanger



Miss Judith de Marffy-Mantuan, another of this year's débutantes, and Mr. Bryan Dykes



Miss Jane Lort-Phillips, daughter of Mrs. Patrick Lort-Phillips, and Miss Meriel Buxton, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Grant, at the coming-out dance held at the Guards Boat Club in Maidenhead by their mothers

DÉBUTANTE DANCE

For Miss Jane Lort-Phillips
& Miss Meriel Buxton

MOTOR RACING AT SILVERSTONE

The British Grand Prix



The field at the start (l. to r., front): Harry Schell (B.R.M.) No. 20, Roy Salvadori (Cooper) No. 10, and Mike Hawthorn (Ferrari) No. 2

Van Hallen



Mr. John Ellison, a steward of the meeting, with Mr. John Eason Gibson, clerk of the course



Mr. C. T. Atkins at the wheel of his Mercedes 300 SL sports car, with Mr. Mike Skubay



In the Ferrari pits were Wolfgang von Trips, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, who won the Grand Prix

Earl Howe, once a famous racing driver himself, with Mr. R. B. Wheeler. Earl Howe was a steward of the meeting

Miss Mary Handley Page, daughter of the aircraft manufacturer, Miss Sheila Van Damm, and Miss Werner Laurie

Mr. A. A. Asher, secretary of the meeting, Mr. Eric Haynes, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, one of the judges



ONE HOUR AWAY BY PLANE . .

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

The playground of Europe?

People and places being talked about in Paris are described in this article—first of a series of regular monthly reviews from the gay city



MARIANNE, whose second name is "Paris," has let down her back hair, loosened her foundation garment, kicked off her shoes and is sitting back to recuperate. One deeply sympathizes. After the excursions and alarms that have shaken her and the near-miracle that is restoring her poise, one feels that she is entitled to a peaceful mid-summer. Not that it can be entirely restful: thousands of tourists are arriving daily in a wheelbarrow-carriage-cart procession, to say nothing of the airways. But their advent is flattering. It shows that Paris is always Paris, even though every visitor discovers the soul of the city in a different manner.

Some, who consider this lovely and gracious town only as the playground of Europe, find it at the Folies Bergère. Others sense the quickening of their hearts when, standing at the Cour du Carrousel, they gaze at the magnificent vista of the Champs Elysées with the sun setting in a blaze of crimson and gold behind the Arc de Triomphe. Others may have found it even at the annual "Beauty and the Beast" contest that was held at the Ambassadeurs under the auspices of the Princesse Amédée de Broglie.

Strange animals appear at this charity function, but it is the first time I have seen a peacock on a lead! It was presented by Mlle. Marie-Paule Hurteau who wore a striking blue-green suit to tone. From a sartorial point of view the ensemble was a good idea but since the bird refused to co-operate Mlle. Hurteau might just as well have worn spider-web grey. I wonder what magic word induces a peacock to unfurl its glories? Many epithets were tried, in several languages as well as French, but dulcet tones became peremptory in vain! Mlle. Nikita Borska, in a snake-like gown, carried "Sophy" who had baulked at walking. Sophy was a tortoise with a highly polished shell. The polish may have had something to do with her inertia. The Marquise de Breteuil (Russian born and very lovely wife of the Marquis François de Breteuil), came, quite simply, with Plain Dog of poodle persuasion named "Major." The marquise is also known as Martine de Breteuil, actress-manageress of the Potinière, where light plays, lightly clad, are lightly acted. The present success, *A quoi rêvent les maris* by Maxime Fabert, is likely to be seen through the summer, but it is possible that visiting wives do not encourage dreaming.

However, there are dreams and dreams and the illuminations of Paris, programmed by "Son et Lumière," encourage us to believe that our most extravagant reveries have come true. From the new fountains of the



Rond-Point of the Champs Elysées to the pageantry of the *Grandes Eaux* at Versailles there is enchantment in every diamond-sprayed jet of water.

When making the tour of the floodlit monuments of Paris the fine old church of St. Germain-des-Près must not be forgotten. Its venerable stones, that have been scraped and scoured for the celebration of their fourteenth centenary, give the lie direct to visitors who think of that ancient and aristocratic part of the town in terms of cabarets, night-haunt cellars and existentialists.

Juliette Greco started her career there and crooned her swift young way from the cellars to international stardom as well as to wife and motherhood. This spring she returned from Africa, where she played lead in *The Roots Of Heaven* rather the worse for wear. A virulent, tropical bug had played havoc with the company and Greco was one of the worst sufferers. It was nice to see her looking her rather grave and sober, but

always charming, self at the party given by Darryl Zanuck that took place on board one of the *bateaux-mouche* that cruise up and down the Seine. A good place for a party or simply for a pleasant dinner *à deux* on a fine evening; excellent cooking and Paris, seen from the river by flood- or moonlight, are equally romantic. Juliette Greco intends to spend the rest of the summer in the south of France with her small daughter in strict incognito. The strictness being assured by a blond wig as well as the usual sunglasses. But a wig, with her own lovely mane of dark hair tucked under it? In August? Worse than the most determined bug from darkest Africa!

In the purlieu of St. Germain-des-Près a new restaurant is having a vogue with Left Bankists and many of their friends from across the river, not to mention the Channel and Atlantic! It is called *Les Petits Pavés*, though "Cobblestones" is rather a dangerous label for an eating house. Jean Barreyre, who is a gourmet, assures me,

Picture report

Turbans and fezzes of Algerians mingled with berets in the Bastille Day parade (below left) of ex-Servicemen along the Champs Elysées

M. André Malraux (below), the French novelist, who was replaced after only a few days as Minister of Propaganda in De Gaulle's government by the controversial appointment of Jacques Soustelle, made a Bastille Day speech outside the Hôtel de Ville

Right: The statuary in the Place de la Concorde seems to gleam through a mist under the dramatic coloured floodlighting that plays on the fountain



however, that he has not yet broken a tooth. Among other well-known patrons are: playwright Marcel Achard and Mme. Simone whose distinguished career on the stage, at boulevard theatres as well as at the Comédie Française, is now being followed by a no-less-successful record as the writer of an extremely candid autobiography. The restaurant has been decorated by the daughter of a noted dramatist, the late Henri Bernstein; she has done so in a demure, old-world style that might be described as "parisianized Victoriana."

A confirmed habituée of the Left Bank who would, I think, like this restaurant is Dr. Catherine Gavin, a Scotswoman married to an American and now living in the States; she was recently in Paris, staying at the Quai Voltaire. A doctor of literature, she has made a big name for herself as an historian and novelist. Her latest novel, *Madeleine*, has been praised in a recent review by my colleague Siriol Hugh-Jones and another of her books, *Liberated France*,

published in 1955, is of topical interest today to puzzled lovers of France who find it difficult to follow French politics. A new chapter can be added telling how De Gaulle, who quietly stood aside when he judged it right to do so, has returned to liberate his country from those strange political parties that serve their own ends but disregard the needs of their country.

The national holiday this year was celebrated with even greater fervour than usual. Enthusiasm was at fever heat during the military parade when the North African troops were the star turn. Greatly impressed was the Grand Mokoko, King of Batékés in the Congo, and the onlookers, for whom the 14 July is the Day of Days, returned the compliment. His dusky Majesty, who was the guest of the French Government, was a picturesque figure in royal purple necklaced with leopard's claws and braceleted with shells. A cape of leopard skin was slung from his shoulders under golden epaulettes that glittered in the sun.

The Queen accompanied His Majesty. She carried his pipe. It had an imposing bowl and a yard-long stem. A cool smoke but not an easy one to light, out of doors, on a breezy day.

Whether or not the discussed and publicised Franco-American Débutante ball at Versailles becomes an annual tradition, as desired by the organizers, remains to be seen, but it was an exciting event. One hopes that the charming visiting debs enjoyed their party with the *jeunesse dorée* of France at the Sun King's palace as heartily as did the young people who flocked to the biggest public open-air ball seen since Liberty, Fraternity and Equality came in. It lasted over the weekend with all the trimmings of non-stop variety entertainment and fireworks. The debs had the advantage over the holidaymakers in the fact that while their own brilliant *sauterie* took place on Friday, they could, if curiosity moved them, join the crowd on the Esplanade des Invalides on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.



Major Roche, with Mr. & Mrs. M. Dowdeswell at the Oxfordshire County Territorial Army Ball, held in Blenheim Palace. *Middle picture: Dancing in the Long Library*



THE
TATLER

At a Blen

Mr. Mark Birchall, a stockbroker (he is in the 4th Bn. Oxon & Bucks Light Infantry), with Miss Sarah Kydd, who works in the British Council



Mrs. J. Ballard, with Major E. R. R. Hicks, who is in the Oxfordshire & Buckinghamshire Light Infantry



Left to right: Mr. Julian Taylor, Mrs. A. C. and Mrs. & Brigadier D. Meynell. Brigadier 129 Infantry Brigade, etc.





Captain E. J. Mostyn, Mrs. J. C. Odier, Mrs. Pat Crawford and Squadron-Leader E. J. McDonald in one of the staterooms. These contain mementoes of the first Duke of Marlborough

heilm Palace ball

Mr. Brown, Major D. I. Lloyd, Mrs. J. C. Odier, Mrs. Pat Crawford and Mrs. J. C. Fuller

Mrs. C. A. M. Comins, whose husband is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, with Captain J. C. Fuller

Captain Jeremy Miller, of the Queen Victoria's Rifles, and Miss Judy Scott-Fox, who is a secretary





JOY OF LIFE—A.M.
Irma-la-Douce (Elizabeth Seal) gives herself over to abandoned gaiety with her young lover Nestor (Keith Michell). Bob-le-Hotu (Clive Revill) looks benignly on, having seen it all before

THEATRE

Good, clean fun in the Place Pigalle

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE French are notoriously addicted to frivolous anecdotes which we apparently find it hard not to take too seriously. However comic may be the logic of the anecdotes, we cannot help noticing that they are usually about disreputable people doing disreputable things, and if we decide not to be shocked by the people and the things we fall to sniggering. In either case what is meant to be purely frivolous escapes us. The delightful thing about the adaptation of *Irma La Douce* at the Lyric is that it somehow contrives to extract the innocent absurdity of the original French musical and make it easy for us to swallow the absurdity neat.

Irma, the *poule* of the Place Pigalle, and Nestor, the impoverished law student living in domestic bliss on the earnings of her trade, move among the sordid half-lights of their Montmartre milieu. They are, for all that, as gay and as dainty as any lovers in some sunny old artificial comedy caught up in an intrigue with its own fantastic laws of logic. Irma does a serious job seriously and takes a simple pride in an occupation that enables her to provide her true love with a nice respectable home. Things are not so easy for Nestor. He is of a jealous disposition, and the queues of men which Irma contemplates with solid business satisfaction worry him. He resorts to the desperate expedient of disguising himself as her rich, elderly protector, thus realizing for her a dream she has cherished since childhood.

The finances of this idyllic arrangement are simple. A completely deceived Irma regularly hands back to Nestor his own money. It is true that in order to prevent the depreciation of their joint assets Nestor has to undertake back-breaking floor-sweeping work. He is a good lad and puts up with

this menial task, but it is his jealousy that again upsets a pair of well-regulated lives. He becomes violently jealous of his other self, the rich elderly protector. He abandons his masquerade, only to find that society has taken it as seriously as did his beloved Irma. There is a hue and cry for the missing man, and the helplessly expostulating Nestor is accused of murdering the imaginary rival he himself has created.

This amusing piece of frivolity was designed for a small theatre and a deliberately sketchy treatment. It yet manages to survive both its scenic expansion and the translation of the thieves' slang of Montmartre into English. Mr. Peter Brook has Mr. Rolf Gerard's very French pieces of scenery dropped on to the stage as they are

wanted and hoisted back into the flies as soon as they are done with. The fantasy thus has every chance to establish momentum and we pass easily from a Catherine wheel impression of the winking lights of Paris to Nestor's frenzied argument round and round a kiosk with his *alter ego*, from the symbolic dance Nestor dreams up for Irma to a rousing chorus from the spivs who flourish with flashing smiles and well-oiled locks on human frailty. Some will think, and others will not, that the shorter second half of the show is a decline from the first. The burlesque trial from which Nestor is sent to Devil's Island is, to my thinking, the poorest vaudeville stuff, and his incarceration in an iron cage and his escape on a raft all the way from the Caribbean to the Seine at Paris I found increasingly tedious. Admittedly, the music of Mlle. Marguerite Monnet grows better and better all the while and Mr. Frank Ole'garlo, a coloured baritone, is well worth hearing as leader of the convicts' chorus; but impenitently I hold that the pure frivolity of the early sex joke is a great deal more entertaining than its development, a sentimental fantasy that ends with mock solemnity in the birth of twins to the happily reunited pair of comic lovers.

There are also reservations to be made, I think, about Miss Elizabeth Seal as Irma and Mr. Keith Michell as Nestor. She works with sympathetic vivacity along strictly conventional lines as the eager little gamine, but she never quite makes a person of Irma and her vocal range is very limited. Mr. Keith Michell is an excellent Shakespearian actor and one who can sing both high and low. He manages Nestor's transports of jealousy easily and well, but the part calls also for a great deal of clowning and Mr. Michell is but indifferent good as a clown. Mr. Clive Revill, on the other hand, is perfectly cast as the narrator, an innocent-eyed little bar proprietor with a fine Gallic relish for the strange parallels that logic can draw between the behaviour of the good and the behaviour of the bad. It is he who assures us at the beginning, "It's all right. You can bring the children." It is also he who absent-mindedly drives home the moral of the piece: "Be careful. You might get caught, and that's a crime."



JOY OF LIFE — P.M.
Irma is equally pleased to spend an evening restaurant - going with her elderly admirer, who is no other than Nestor in disguise. Bob is again on hand, this time as a waiter, to help the idyll along

STOKES JOKES

- 4



Stars and Society meet at a garden party



The party was at The Holme, Regent's Park.
Above: Lady Irene Astor, the organizing chairman, at the tombola stall



Above: Lady Rosemary Muir and her sister Lady Caroline Waterhouse, daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, at the clothes stall



Lady Swinfen at the domestic stall with Mrs. Guy Millard. The party raised funds for the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies

Lady Barbara Bevan with Mr. J. C. Colligan, secy.-genl. of the Royal National Institute for the Blind. Rain sent the party indoors

Actor Richard Green signed autographs for Sarah and Elizabeth Anderson. Watching is their mother Lady Gillian Anderson

Lady Daphne Straight, wife of Mr. Whitney Straight, deputy chairman of Rolls-Royce, with Mrs. John Profumo (Valerie Hobson)

Win. H. H. H.



RECORDS

A festival in Hampshire

by GERALD LASCELLES

A FINE assembly of British modernists blow most enterprisingly on "Swingin' the Blues," a Tempo release of great interest. I find it difficult to choose between the merits of the groups led by Dizzy Reece, Jimmy Deuchar, Victor Feldman, Vic Ash, and Tubby Hayes, all of which follow a fairly straightforward pattern. The name of Tubby Hayes reminds me that he and fellow saxophonist Ronnie Scott with their Jazz Couriers will be among the bands playing at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival at the end of this week.

In a galaxy of local talent assembled for the occasion I spot the names of Johnny Dankworth, Mick Mulligan and his garrulous singer George Melly, pianist Dill Jones, and a Jazz Today unit which promises some *avant-garde* music. The Festival sounds as good a way as I can think of starting the Bank Holiday weekend, and I am assured by my host that rain will not stop play, as the whole proceedings can be moved at a flick of the baton from the lawn to the newly built extension of his famous Veteran Car Museum.

Irving Berlin, America's most successful song-writer, took the bull by the horns when he wrote for the Astaire-Rogers dancing combine that exciting tune "Let's face the music and dance." This and other relaxing melodies are revived by Ella Fitzgerald in two extensive volumes of the Berlin successes on H.M.V.

These tracks are disappointing after her magnificent performances of the Porter and Rogers & Hart song books. I think she is singing herself stale, and I am sure that the accompaniment is completely unsuitable for her style. That lilting voice has suddenly lost its sparkle; her recent performances in England prove that she is the greatest, but even the greatest can be overworked.

Josh White started life as an authentic blues singer. His later sophistication brought him public recognition, but it also encouraged him in the use of many annoying tricks which take him off the blues track on which he started. I thought little of the first volume of his Stories on H.M.V., but the latest release is much better.

I find it anomalous that so many blues singers, whose artistry in their medium puts them on a higher level than the best "pops" singers, fall down completely when they attempt to sing commercial tunes. Joe Williams, excellent when singing with Basie, fails lamentably on his Columbia L.P., but shows his style well on a Fontana E.P.

In lighter vein, Stanley Holloway and Danny Kaye give out the best value for sheer entertainment that we could hope to find on record. The sentimental approach of Patti Page on Mercury L.P. is too cloying for my taste, but I relish the spell cast by Burl Ives on an enchanting E.P., designed for the enjoyment of children, but equally enthralling for those who have passed the tender years.

Selected Records

BURL IVES	Children's Favourites E.P. 12s. 10½d.	Philips BBE12175
DANNY KAYE	Pure Delight 10-in. L.P. £1 9s. 2½d.	Fontana TFR6008
JOSH WHITE	The Josh White Stories Vol. 2 12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.	H.M.V. CLP1175
STANLEY HOLLOWAY	'Ere's 'Olloway 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	Philips BBL7237
SONNY STITT	S.P.J. Jazz 12-in. L.P. £1 19s. 7½d.	Esquire 32-049
JONAH JONES	Muted Jazz E.P. 12s. 10d.	Capitol EAP3-839



The automation age

Back into striped trousers for Kenneth More,
Britain's top box-office comedy actor.
He was a butler in *The Admirable Crichton*,
a sailor in *A Night To Remember*, and
now in *Next To No Time* (for release shortly) he
is an engineer trying to sell automation

CINEMA

Laughs of the 'twenties are still funny

by ELSPETH GRANT

WHEN SLAPSTICK rears its zany head in a talking picture, it is liable to be put out of countenance by dialogue—with which it has nothing in common. Slapstick does not belong among normal, vocal people: it thrives only in a lunatic, wordless world of its own—the world of the harlequinade, of the pantomime paper-hangers and whitewashers, and of the silent film. What sovereign entertainment it can provide in its particular sphere is demonstrated in *The Golden Age of Comedy*—a symposium of some of the zier screen scenes created by Messrs. Mack Sennett and Hal Roach, the great rival lucers of the 'twenties.

Compiled by Mr. Robert Youngson from 100 reels of film, it carries an unpretentious illuminating commentary. Hollywood in its heyday, it points out, was not afraid of showing itself: a picture-making sequence, with the help of a wind-machine, blows the dust on the artful dodges every studio secretly employed. Mr. Will Rogers, revelling in his saddle like a teetotum while lashing off attackers on all sides, burlesques the Western hero—and Mr. Ben Turpin, comparing to make love with a seedy orchestra leader by to strum atmospheric music, provides the sex-and-seduction epics of Herr von Stroheim.

Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, intent merely upon raising laughs, rely upon the cumulative slap or outrage: nothing in their films comes singly. Disasters build from small beginnings—one ill-thrown custard pie, one little kick on the shin, one motorcar torn to pieces with the bare hands—and soon everybody in the neighbourhood is involved, and the audience is rolling in the aisles at the devastating absurdity of it all.

Messrs. Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd, the masters of their art, are not represented in this 60-minute film but there are many lesser clowns with whom it is pleasant to renew acquaintance—wistful Mr. Harry Langdon adrift in a wagon-lit, Mr. Andy Clyde playing draughts with a wonderfully alert cat, Mr. Harry Gribbon out-cheated at poker by a small mongrel called Cameo, Mr. Billy Bevan battling with the oyster lurking in his soup, and *The Keystone Cops* in full flight before a sinister fleet of driverless "Tin Lizzies." Even the young, who have probably never seen them before, will surely find them irresistible.

For the aficionados of bullfighting, *Torero*—a documentary-style biography of the Mexican bullfighter, Señor Luis Procuna—will be a pure joy. For me it is merely a confirmation that this is a beastly and degrading sport. Real bulls are tormented and put to death, real men are repeatedly tossed and gored—and the newsreel camera faithfully records the full agony of it all. But it's when the camera surveys the spectators that one is really horrified: those awful

faces, rapt and gloating while the toreador courts death, convulsed with fury when he draws back—the coward!

Señor Procuna, handsome and dignified, is singularly honest about his career, in the course of which he has learnt to fear three things: the bulls, his own fear of them, and the public—the implacable, endlessly exigent public. He has allowed the director, Señor Carlos Velo, to show how he spends his everyday life with his wife and children and to follow him through the ritual preceding the entry into the ring (the largest in the

with compassion and the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, as portrayed by Mr. Nikolai Cherkasov, is so perfectly a noble and a gentle soul that it would be indecent to share the merriment of those characters who hold him up to ridicule. He is an old man whose wandering mind has led him back to the days of chivalry: a self-appointed knight-errant, armoured cap-à-pie, he roams the countryside on his scraggy steed, Rosinante, seeking wrongs to be righted and deeds of valour to be done.

With him, on a donkey, rides his loyal "squire," the rough but devoted peasant, Sancho Panza—a splendidly earthy performance by Mr. Yuri Tolubeyev. Misfortune attends them and everywhere poor Don Quixote is made the butt of the insensitive—including the reigning Duke and Duchess (icy Mr. B. Freindlikh and handsome Miss L. Vertinskaya) who should know better but who, in fact, play upon him the cruellest jest of all.

Scorned and dejected, Don Quixote returns to his home and takes to his bed. The death

The rocket age

Donald Sinden
and Jeanne Carson
star in *Rockets
Galore*, Compton
Mackenzie's rocket-
range romp in the
Outer Hebrides



world) at Mexico City. Newsreels piece together the story of his early triumphs, his meeting with the idol of the Spanish ring, "Manolete," his grief at hearing of the Spaniard's death, his decline from favour due to a reluctance to suffer the same fate, his humiliation at being accused of cowardice by a crowd hurling down insults and cushions at him—and, finally, his spectacular comeback in 1953.

One gathers that Señor Procuna is still fighting bulls, which he still fears. He is rich and famous and he would enjoy a quiet life but his public will never let him: they love him so much, they want to be in at the kill—and to pay tribute to him as a brave man by following his torn body to the grave before repairing to the arena for another exhilarating spectacle of blood and sand and death in the afternoon. I pity the toreador in the clutches of these ghouls: in the long run, he stands no better chance of survival than the unfortunate bulls.

The Russian version of *Don Quixote*, directed by Mr. Grigory Kozintsev, is a film of rare beauty. The pitiless story never fails to make me miserable, but here it is told

scene is most movingly played. Raising himself from his pillows, the old man bravely reiterates his knightly dedication to the good, the true and the beautiful: the world has done its worst but he is still, at the end, undefeated.

The dialogue has been dubbed into English—quite surprisingly well. Seldom have voices been so successfully matched to personalities as Mr. Arnold Diamond's to Mr. Cherkasov's Don Quixote and Mr. Howard Marion Crawford's to Mr. Tolubeyev's Sancho Panza. The film is admirably dressed and set, and photographed in excellent colour, which, oddly enough, is used to the best effect in a scene containing no colour—at the court of the Duke, where all the costumes are black and white, the walls ivory and the candelabra gold. This severe combination somehow strikingly suggests the opulence and relentless cruelty of the court. I do hope you will see this film—though I warn you it may break your heart.

In a number of early copies of last week's issue, *The Tatler* regrets that the captions to the photographs of Jane Powell and Anne Heywood were transposed.

She created Whiteoaks

Mazo de la Roche, the Canadian woman author, visited Britain for the publication of the 15th volume of her Whiteoaks Chronicle, Centenary at Jalna (Macmillan, 15s.). With her is the Prime Minister's brother, Mr. Arthur Macmillan



F. J. Goodman

BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The pursuit of love—by Mrs. Fitzherbert's nieces

THE IRRESISTIBLE title of Mr. Richard Buckle's book, *The Prettiest Girl In England* (John Murray, 21s.), was the phrase used by the Duke of Orleans in 1833 to describe the 18-year-old Georgina Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and great-great-grandmother of Mr. Buckle. The book consists of Georgina's private journal, which found its way quite by chance into Mr. Buckle's hands, and extracts from the journal of Louisa, her elder sister, linked together by an amused, gossipy, affectionate commentary by the editor.

The thought of a brand-new undiscovered diary turns me weak with happiness and anticipation, but hard as I tried to love them, I couldn't help but find Louisa and Georgina—even Mr. Buckle's adored Georgina—something of a disappointment. Their brief, worldly story is the pursuit of love in a society where the girls suffered suitable pangs of romantic sensibility and the mamas kept a keen eye skinned for an eligible match. Reading the gossip columns of any contemporary London Season, one might be forced to admit that the Welfare State has done precious little to change all that.

Georgina's life, as she records it, was almost entirely made up of dancing quadrilles at Almack's, going to parties, and worrying herself into a great state of nerves about the possibilities of marriage to this or the other

suitor. Sometimes the weather is frightful and nobody calls in the morning, which causes her to feel rather "ennuyée," or more severely, to suffer from the Blue Devils. Billiards, battledore and letter-writing do something to alleviate boredom but poor



Manton duelling pistol, from *Old Guns & Pistols*, by Noel Boston (Benn, 21s.). The firm of Manton made some of the best guns of the early 19th century

Georgina is in a constant fidget about where she is next going to be able to meet the loved one. Through the pages pass the virtuous, homely Aunt Fitz and her rheumatism, the girls' Mama (surreptitiously tipling and being put on to "quite a new régime of Bath Waters, Burton's Ale, Chocolate, Baume de Vie etc."), and various eligible beaux bearing unlikely nicknames such as Fatty, Uffy, Mountain and Longues Jambes.

For a time I hoped that Georgina might make off with Lord Ossulston, a young man who would not appear to have been the soul of wit but was at least ravishingly beautiful with curly side-whiskers and played a guitar. But no. The Hon. George Augustus Craven was to be the lucky fellow. He died two and a half years after the wedding, worn out by too much hunting. Georgina later married a Frenchman and became a duchess.

Both the sisters were deliciously pretty little sugar-plums, with hock-bottle shoulders and corkscrew curls. Their prattle is pleasant and painless, and perhaps it is mere ingratitude to wish it were also a trifle less addled. Love is probably a many-splendoured thing all right, but the splendour diminishes a little when it is reduced to a question of who will dance the cotillon with whom, and whose hair came down during the valse. Mr. Buckle is the most civilized and delightful guide, but even he cannot persuade

me that Georgina and Louisa were anything but a pair of feather-wits unworthy of such loving editing.

There was nothing feather-witted about Mrs. George Keppel, King Edward VII's great and good friend and the heroine of her daughter Sonia's autobiography *Edwardian Daughter* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.). This is the story of Sonia's own life until her marriage. The Edwardian Mamma is a formidable person, veiled, elegant and forthright, a dauntless walker and "irresistibly attractive to bank managers." Her infant daughter (at whose birth the road was covered with straw to make things quieter for Mamma) called King Edward "Kinky," and raced pieces of bread and butter down his royal trousers for penny bets. Edwardian nursery days are fast becoming the most popular escape-literature of the Age of Tranquillizers.

At a time when one of the most popular blood-sports is being mean to journalists, Mr. James Morris never does anything but the highest honour to his profession. His new book, *South African Winter* (Faber & Faber, 10s.) is a masterly handling of one of the most difficult subjects in the world. It describes a tour of South Africa made in 1947, and does more to convey what I would take to be the truth about that country than could have been believed possible from so short a visit. He offers no pat solution . . . we can keep our fingers crossed for compromise rather than revolution; but if we feel like praying at all, we must be frank with the Almighty, and ask for a miracle." Mr. Morris writes admirable prose, lucid, spare, fresh and witty. He is incapable of being boring, and because he is concerned and compassionate he does not therefore feel obliged to abandon cheerfulness altogether. I raise several hearty cheers for him, the polish of his writing, and the humanity of his intelligence, and I urge everyone to read the book.

Briefly, I have space to recommend: *The Seraglio* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.), by James Merrill, who is a young American poet. This is his first novel. It is a long, strange, unnerving story of a young man who returns from Europe to discover just how deeply he has been disturbed by his father's unbridled passion for money and women. Some remarkable unpleasant things happen, but the narrative remains resolutely dry-eyed, matter-of-fact and unexcitable. Mr. Merrill's odd, elegant style has a personal signature though I think that the book is too long. . . . *The Greengage Summer* (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.), by Rumer Godden at her easiest and most stylishly persuasive, is a book that practically reads itself, about a family of English children—what else?—left alone on an ominous holiday in France . . . and Kenneth Allsop's *Rare Bird* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), an enjoyably unkind, disabused stare at the people whose job it is to spread the news. In this case, the news is that some rare birds are nesting in Wiltshire. They immediately become the cause of much chicanery and nasty goings-on among TV units, journalists, professional nature-specialists, and an earl with an Italian film-star in a white Alfa-Romeo. Mr. Allsop, who speaks with first-hand knowledge of wild life both in Fleet Street and on the marshes, is on the side of the birds.



**Miss Clare Rosemary Sandars
to Mr. James Napier McEwan**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Sandars, Gate Burton Hall, Gainsborough, Lincs. He is the eldest son of Sir John & Lady McEwen, Marchmont, Berwickshire. Miss Sandars was Lady-in-Waiting to the Countess of Ranfurly at Government House, Nassau, for two years



Miss Jill Howard

to Mr. Peter James Scott Lumsden

She is the daughter of the Hon. Sir Arthur & Lady Lorna Howard, Wappinghorn, Steyning, Sussex. He is the son of the late Lt.-Gen. H. Lumsden, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., & Mrs. J. N. P. Wood, Henley Hall, Ludlow, Salop

**Mlle. Denise Ariane Pillieron (right)
to Mr. Stephen Millar**

She is the daughter of Mme. Marthe Moller, of The Seychelles, Nairobi, and Brompton Square, London. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. S. B. Wingrove, the Old Cottage, Kingswood, Surrey



**Miss Marian Eleanor Young
to Mr. Charles Richard Walter Sale**

She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. J. D. Young, Thornton Hall, Bletchley, Bucks. He is the only son of Brigadier & the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Crown Equerry's House, Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace



(Michael Dunn)

**Miss Caroline Lois Stammers
to Mr. Richard Hugh Dunn**

She is the daughter of Professor & Mrs. F. A. R. Stammers, Moseley, Birmingham. He is the son of Dr. & Mrs. W. M. Dunn, Solihull, Warwickshire



(Lemara)





Michel Molinaro

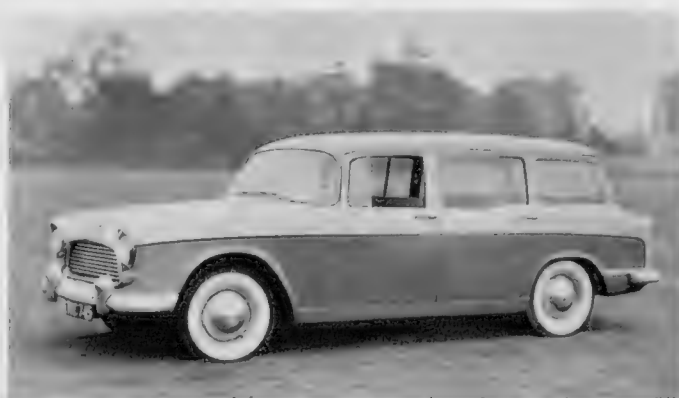
Going by car this year?

HEADING SOUTH on the A.40, a stop to check the route (*above*) in a white, loosely woven wool coat, fully lined and with three-quarter sleeves. A deep slit up the back makes it easy to sit in on the journey. Warm, but right in the sun. From Fortnum & Mason. Price: 23 gns.

After a call at The Lamb, Hartley Wintney, off again on the A.40 in a navy Swiss jersey two-piece (*opposite*). The loose-fitting top is worn with a permanently pleated skirt. A Swyzerli model at Fortnum & Mason's Jeune Fille department. Price: about 18 gns. Pale-blue hide zip bag. Price: £7 17s. 6d., from Finnigans. Packed in the back of the car, two matching hide suitcases, costing £28 5s. and £26, also from Finnigans.

If you are the fortunate owner of a new Humber Hawk Estate Car (*right*) you get off to a flying start. With seating for six and a load-carrying space of 56 cubic feet, there is room for everything you could possibly wish to take with you on a three-week holiday. The rear seat folds down to double the capacity of the carrier space and luggage can be loaded through the tail-gate. The cost of this luxury Estate Car is £1,463 17s.

With room to take everything you need, you can afford to pack clothes for every occasion on your holiday. These pages offer suggestions





Luncheon time on the road



Top left: Pink corded cotton pants (price: 4½ gns.) are worn with a short-sleeved white cotton jumper which has an inset at the neck of navy blue and a navy blue collar, price: about £3 5s. 6d. Both by Dorville, obtainable at Merle, South Kensington, and Clifford Lee, King's Lynn. Finnigans' wine or spirits hamper contains six glasses in a separate wicker container. Storage space for four bottles, two sandwich canisters and a combined corkscrew and bottle-opener. Price: £12 7s. 6d.

Left: Heavyweight scarlet cotton is used for these pants, worn with a white knitted cotton top, with a sailor collar trimmed scarlet. Prices: £2 7s. 6d. and £5 16s. 6d. respectively, from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly



Above: These tight-fitting slacks in black jersey are sympathetic to every movement, and therefore comfortable throughout long car-borne hours. From Estrava and, worn with them, Estrava's "petti-chemise" in non-iron cotton—here in white, but also obtainable in other colours. Both from Fifth Avenue, London and Guildford. Prices: about £3 3s. and about 35s. 6d. respectively. For the food, Finnigans' wicker picnic-basket fitted for four. Price: £9 12s. 6d.



Right: A chunky black wool cardigan is a wise choice for any long journey. It is worn with a finely knitted long-sleeved white wool jumper, both from Matita. They can be bought at Edieme, Conduit Street, W.1, costing £6 7s. 6d. and £2 19s. 6d., respectively. Silk paisley scarf by Sammy



Driving into the sun belt

Clothes for the heat of day
and the cool of evening

Below: For the motoring enthusiast beige cotton shorts and shirt printed with a design of vintage cars. Comfortable and practical for driving when one enters the heat belt; there is also a skirt for wear in off-the-beaten-track villages where shorts often meet with disapproval. The three-piece, £6 17s. 6d. from Penberthy's, Oxford Street, W.1, and Jay's, Leeds

Opposite: After a couple of days of kerbside meals, it's fun to bath and change into an evening dress with all the frills and trimmings. Polly Peck's straight sheath of well-behaved white nylon organza scalloped frills, mounted on nylon taffeta, fits into a tiny corner of a suitcase and pulls out without a frown. Price: about 12 gns. The coat in scarlet pure-silk taffeta is also virtually uncrushable. Price: about 12 gns. Both at Chanelle, Knightsbridge, and Diana Warren, Blackpool



For ease and utter coolness *en route*, Simpson of Piccadilly's sleeveless, stitched, blue cotton shirt, worn with their blue-and-white striped cotton skirt. Together they cost 8½ gns.



Michel Molinare

An Italian knitted jacket striped in mauve, white, green and brown from Rima Casuals. Price: 13½ gns. at Miss Pat Boutique, Kensington Church Street. Lightweight pale-blue hide zip bag (£7 17s. 6d.) being weighed for the air crossing on a balance, which when not in use is kept in a pigskin case. Price: £1 17s. 6d. Both from Finnigans, 17 New Bond Street, W.1

Knitted summer whites

THE FASHION WORLD has never been more crazy about knitting than now. Knitted garments have become the thing all through the year. For summer there is knitted cotton for comfort and "give," knitted wool for extra (and often so welcome) warmth. From Finnigans' new shop at 17 New Bond Street, W.1, comes this two-piece in knitted cotton jersey. *Below:* The top is in white and trimmed with the red-and-brown printed cotton jersey that is used for the skirt. Price (together): £15 3s. 6d. The crocodile handbag: £47 15s. The heavy-knit jacket (*opposite*) in soft white lambswool teams well with the two-piece. Price: 9 gns.



This crocodile Findall bag, with room enough for a multitude of personal etceteras, unzips to reveal a beauty case. A wonderful overnight companion for a train or air journey.

Price: £95



Peter Alexander

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





This washable cotton-tuft mat has a non-slip latex backing. It is made in 15 different colours and can be used in bedrooms or bathrooms (£3 5s.). Diana Cowpe Ltd.



With the Sunbeam ironing board you can sit down to your ironing. It costs only £3 7s. 6d. if it is bought with the iron (separately, £5 11s. 6d.). The iron (Sunbeam Ironmaster) alone is £2 18s. 6d.

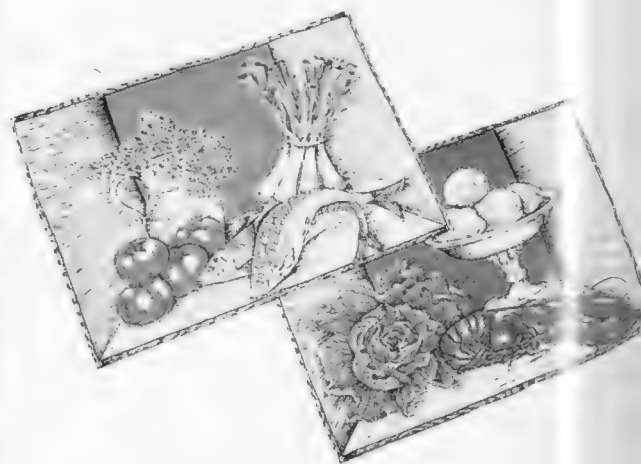
SHOPPING

Refinements for the kitchen

by JEAN STEELE



A nursing-rocking-chair, with handy storage space. (£6 4s.) From William Perring of Kensington



These gaily printed place mats can also be used as tray cloths. They can be obtained in three different colours (3s. each). Woollands and other leading stores



The hotplates, set in a well on this Creta Mercury de luxe electric cooker, are intended for easier cleaning. The cooker also has timer control, a glass door and an automatic oven light (£40 19s.)



The jug-and-board pattern by Shields of Perth is one of nine designs which can be had on tea towels (5s.). Woollands and other leading stores



Cardboard containers which leak can now be thrown away. The Jury polythene kitchen dispenser stores and pours anything from soap powder to sugar. The base is semi-transparent, the lid coloured (5s.)

BEAUTY

Change of face

by JEAN CLELAND

THE DAY was hot, I was weary and my looks were wilting. The thought of a dinner party to which I was going in the evening was depressing. I would no doubt be told "You look tired, dear." Then a lucky thought struck me. A special treatment for dealing with this sort of crisis can be had at Helena Rubinstein's salon. This was the moment to try it. If it worked on me, others might be glad to know of it. I rang up for an appointment, and a couple of hours later I was in the salon.

The treatment can best be described as a combined refresher, reviver, and an uplifter. It is specially recommended for use in the summer. Hot days are all too infrequent in this country so when they do come we are not conditioned. Until we get used to them, lovely as they are, we find them tiring. In addition to this, the skin gets relaxed and causes the pores to open. The underlying muscles, too, tend to become slack, and any slight sagginess there may be is accentuated. The sum total of this is the drooping look, which is sadly ageing. In the course of the treatment, the pores are refined, the underlying muscles braced, and the contours lifted. This is how it works.

The neck and shoulders are given some deep massage, which is very soothing to the nerves. It makes one feel rested and relaxed from the start, and receptive to the rest of the treatment.

Now for the face. First of all the skin is thoroughly cleansed with cream to remove make-up and surface dirt. After this, the client sits up. A mackintosh cape is put round her shoulders, and she holds a metal basin firmly under her chin. An electric machine sprays out a cool lotion which goes all over the face and neck like a fine mist. In actual fact it feels rather like the sort of spray with which one waters the lawn, and is just as delightfully refreshing. The liquid that comes from it, however, is no ordinary water. It is slightly astringent, and has cleansing and clearing qualities that penetrate gently into the pores, ridding them

Castanet is a style designed for the Spanish model, Maddalena, by Vidal Sassoon of Bond Street when he visited Madrid



of dust and drawing out all the impurities.

The spraying goes on for about five minutes, and when finished the face is cleansed with cream for the second time. The pores now being clean, the impurities come away more freely, and already the skin

begins to look lighter and more fresh. Next comes brisk patting with a liquid stimulant to promote the circulation, close the pores, and refine the texture of the skin. This is followed by an important part of the treatment, which concentrates on bracing the underlying tissues, and firming slack muscles. A muscle-tightening preparation is patted into the skin, along the contours, and up the nose-to-mouth lines. Gentle patting is done, too, around the eyes, to counteract the little lines and wrinkles caused by screwing them up against the glare of the sun.

When the patting and bracing is finished, the face feels altogether firmer, and as if the fatigue has been whipped away, but the treatment is not yet finished. Some firm but soothing massage with a rich nourishing cream to soften the skin carries on the good work of smoothing out little tired lines, and leads to the final stage, which takes the form of a mask. One that is proving popular is a new French one which works very quickly. It is especially good for refining the relaxed, open-pored type of skin. For dry skin, a "Water-Lily" rejuvenating mask is used instead. Both have a reviving effect, and give the complexion a glowing feeling of new life.

As in all treatments, the finishing touch is an attractive make-up. Before starting this a little "Skin Dew" is applied, to maintain the look of freshness. A light foundation is then applied, giving the base to what is described in the salon as a transparent make-up, which is all that is necessary when the skin is already fresh and glowing.



MOTORING

Best-sellers (export mainly!)

by GORDON WILKINS

FOREIGN visitors are sometimes surprised to find that in Britain, the country which leads the world in the production of inexpensive sports cars, there seem to be relatively few sports cars in use. Not so long ago one manufacturer withdrew sports cars from dealers' stocks in England and sent them away for export because they were not selling readily at home. I believe that Triumph TR3 sales on the home market have only been averaging about 600 a year, although tens of thousands go for export.

Purchase tax keeps most sports cars out of reach of British young people until the time when they have family responsibilities and need a closed car. If a young man does manage to raise the price of a sports car, and the tax, he is confronted with the difficulty of insuring it. If he finds a company to insure it at all, the premium will be high and the policy will be loaded with restrictive clauses. Filling in a proposal form issued by one well-known group the other day I was surprised to see the uncompromising line at the top: "No sports cars accepted." However, if the desire to own a sports car has been partly frustrated it has not been abolished and from what I hear of the home market orders for the Austin-Healey Sprite, a lot of young people have decided that this is a sports car they can afford.

In a higher price range, the new twin-cam M.G.A. offers fantastic speed and acceleration at a price which no Continental manufacturer can approach, and it has the immense advantage of disc brakes, which no foreign sports car can yet offer. With a twin-camshaft engine giving 110 horse power from only 1,600 c.c., this new M.G. is a potent competition car. It accelerates from a standstill to 100 m.p.h. in a little over half a minute and has a maximum speed of 110-120 m.p.h. In present-day traffic conditions a high maximum speed is of secondary interest to the speed with which it can be reached. The M.G.'s high speed can be used safely because it is quickly reached, and quickly suppressed. At £180 (or £270 with tax) over the price of the standard model, it is remarkable value for money.

A woman moves in

The American professor who wrote a book called *The Natural Superiority Of Women*, has been visiting London, but whether this visit was the first shot in a softening up process designed to prepare the British male for the subservient position the male is alleged to occupy in the United States I cannot really say. It seems women are constitutionally stronger than men, better able to resist disease, braver, more energetic, no more hysterical, less liable to go mad,

better at intelligence tests, better at business, better car drivers, better at learning languages and better at making love.

After that, there is little I can say, except that it took a man to discover it and tell us about it.

One of the few remaining male strongholds is motor racing. Some would cite this as one more example of the female's superior intelligence but there are a few girls intent on invading even this preserve. Since I wrote about Maria Teresa de Filippis, the Italian girl star, a few weeks ago, she has taken tenth place in the Belgian Grand Prix on the terribly fast Spa circuit, a feat which many well-known male drivers would be happy to have achieved.

Now here is another girl who has been dealing out a few shocks to the motoring male. Denise McCluggage, a girls sports reporter of the *New York Herald Tribune* who is now in Europe covering the big motor races. Denise covers golf, skiing and other sports, but motor racing is her main interest. She has collected most of the available ladies' trophies in the U.S.A. and has been doing quite well against the men. At Nassau this year, *Motor Trend*, America's leading motor magazine, reported "the crowd were brought to their feet by the brilliant driving of Denise McCluggage, the *New York Herald Tribune's* gal reporter."

Her first competition car was a Jaguar XK 140 coupé and from this she graduated straight to a Porsche. Not a 1,300 c.c. "Dame," nor a 1,600 Super, nor yet a four-cam Carrera, but the extremely fast Rennsport roadster which the works team drivers use. She soon rocked the male drivers by making the fastest practice lap before one race, but mindful of the need to cushion the

Denise McCluggage, sports reporter of a leading New York daily. She has had many racing successes with Jaguars



The new M.G.A. Twin Cam. In appearance only the wheels are changed—wire wheels being dropped

male ego she said: "Don't worry, boys, I just happened to string all my good corners together on one lap." And why does she go motor racing? "I got bored watching other people do something I reckoned I could do myself."

Brussels to Biarritz

The fuel-economy competition in Europe is at last taking its place as a big international competition after years of pioneer work—and transatlantic example—during which car manufacturers remained indifferent or actively opposed them. This year the French Mobilgas Economy Run was expanded into an international event starting from Brussels and running through Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Italy and across France to Biarritz on a route of 1,750 miles.

After watching the elaborate formalities of verification before the start, to ensure that the cars are strictly standard, there was time for a brief look round Brussels and a brief visit to the exhibition.

Brussels is now one of the most exciting cities in Europe. In the brief space of 18 months they have come to terms with 20th century motor traffic, sending it speeding into brilliantly lit tunnels or soaring up on to overhead highways. At night the traffic moving in three dimensions makes a fascinating pattern, dominated in one area by the gleaming floodlit aluminium and glass skyscraper put up by an insurance firm.

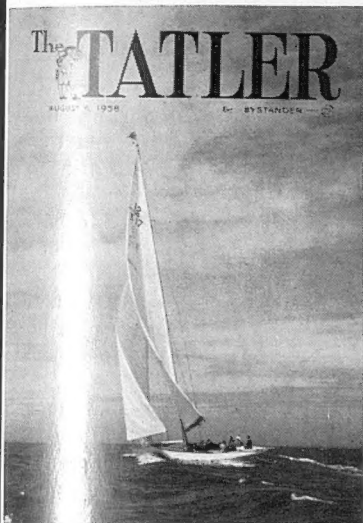
In my first ten minutes in Brussels, three people assured me that the British pavilion was the best thing in the exhibition and if, after passing through that velvet darkness, lit with brilliant evocations of our past, present and future, you do not emerge bursting to tell people what a wonderful country Britain is, you must indeed be insensitive.

The American pavilion is a surprise. One expects high pressure salesmanship, General Motors, the oil companies, steel, electricity, aviation and the atom. Instead there are quiet open spaces where historical exhibits and the works of contemporary painters and sculptors are displayed round a central pool before one is led towards the industrial and scientific exhibits farther on.

The only American car I saw was a 1903 Model A Ford, which was fortunate for the Russians, as it may not now be obvious to all of the uncommitted nations that the vaunted new Russian limousines are simply copies of the less successful American styles of two or three years ago.

Britain still has the outstanding automobile exhibit in John Cobb's Railton Mobil Special, which still stands unchallenged as holder of the World Land Speed Record.

three special features in next week's issue



COVES

In this week of Britain's most famous yachting meeting *Ernie Bradford* will write about yachting's most discussed topic "Sceptre," challenger for the America's Cup. He will explain why yachts are getting faster and how far "Sceptre" (reproduced in full colour in this issue) incorporates the latest techniques.

DALI AT HOME

A photographic record of a visit to Salvador Dali at his home in Spain. *Anne Bolt's* pictures will show the surrealist setting in which the famous surrealist lives, and her report will tell what the locals think!

A HOLIDAY IN THE DORDOGNE?

Where to go to find France that is France? Anthony Crask contributes an article, illustrated with many photographs, on the beautiful Dordogne area. It is a land of rivers and peaceful, green countryside and of tremendous interest, historically. Where the natives of France holiday and the cuisine is memorable. Where it is warm as the south yet not so dry. You will understand why the French do not publicise this region. Like them you too want it for yourself!

Plus, of course, all *The Tatler's* regular features. If you are not a subscriber to *The Tatler*, you should order a copy of the August 6 issue from your newsagent without delay.

DINING IN

The French for picnic

by HELEN BURKE

WE, AS A nation, are reputed not only to be fond of picnicking but also to have little imagination for such out-door meals as we provide. I did know one imaginative man. There was an occasion when I was invited to his home for lunch. It was a glorious day. "Too good to eat indoors," he said. He announced to his wife that we would go to the Devil's Punch Bowl for our meal. He then got out his car. The roast in its tin, the vegetables and the fruit tart he adored were popped into the boot and off we went! It was quite an experience—including the half-cold food!

Most folk, when eating "out," settle for well-filled sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. If we include a couple of crisp cos lettuces, a whole cucumber, several tomatoes and a jar of fruit salad, we consider ourselves fairly enterprising.

A French *pique-nique* is, generally, different. On the Riviera, a year or so ago, I went on one to the little island of St. Honorat, off Cannes. There were eight of us—two women, three men and three big boys. We each had a capacious shopping bag. In Cannes itself, within a hundred yards, we bought our day's supplies—yard-long crusty bread, pâtés of liver, game and meat, a variety of sliced sausages, "pizzas" (for the boys), *Salade Nicoise*, beautiful fresh butter, mayonnaise with a touch of garlic in it, tomatoes and lettuces, and, for dessert, fresh apricots, grapes, oranges and peaches. We bought a selection of cheeses, too, and a Provençal *vin ordinaire*.

I know that it is impossible here to have a picnic on the Riviera *pique-nique* plan, but we can make our picnicking more interesting than it usually is. We can lay in a supply of equally exciting pâtés and canned meats and fish. At this moment, I have in my refrigerator a can each of smoked salmon, smoked eel, liver pâté, Pâté Canard, Foie Gras Truffe and Rillettes d'Oie. We can find these in the stores—rather expensive, perhaps, but well worth having for a special "treat." And, quite apart from picnics, each is an excellent "starter" when one is unexpectedly called upon to stretch a meal. In addition, there are canned tongue, canned corned beef and the less expensive finely minced meats from Denmark, France and Holland.

One of my own favourite picnic foods is a Yorkshire meat loaf, to be sliced "on the spot." Mince finely 1 lb. beef and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. gammon. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. white breadcrumbs, a pinch of Cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Bind the mixture with two beaten eggs. Press it into a bowl, cover and stand it in a pan of boiling water reaching half-way up. Cover and boil gently for 3 hours.

Another good meat loaf is made with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. veal, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pork, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon (all finely minced), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. breadcrumbs, seasoning as above and two eggs to bind the lot. Steam in a similar way. If you have never tried cold scrambled eggs with a meat loaf, please do. Unlike the meat loaf, however, which can be made in advance and stored in the refrigerator, they have to be cooked on the morning of the picnic. Serve with the meat loaf, cos lettuce, cucumber and tomatoes. The salad can be dressed at the last minute with tubed mayonnaise.

With three men and three big boys as "carriers," transport is simplified! There is no problem with a car. This brings me to my wonderfully large Thermos jar. It holds three lidded aluminium bowls. With such a jar, one can go picnicking *de luxe*. Jointed cold chicken in one bowl, potato or mixed vegetable salad in another; fruit salad in the third. Everything taken from the refrigerator and placed at once in a bowl and then the jar, arrives as cool as cucumbers. Or, for a hot meal on a cool day: Chicken à la King in one bowl, its garnish of pimientos, peas and asparagus tips in another, and pilaff of rice in the third—with fresh fruit to follow. I would say that this is quite *pique-nique*!



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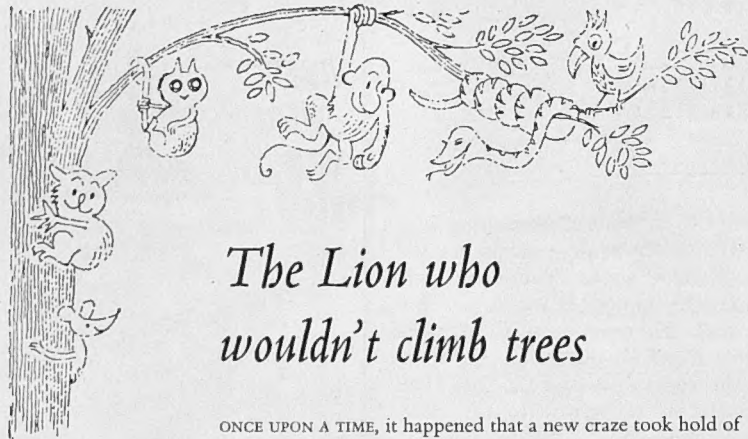
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The Lion who wouldn't climb trees

ONCE UPON A TIME, it happened that a new craze took hold of the animals in the great wide forest. The craze of Climbing Trees. Positively everyone was doing it. All except the lion.

The lion, who had lived in the great wide forest for a very long time, tended to be Independent. He liked going his own way and letting other animals go theirs.

But, one sunny afternoon, this new craze was forcibly brought to his notice by a young crocodile, who came sailing down through the air to land right in front of his nose.

"Good gracious me!" said the lion, mildly. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Climbing Trees," said the crocodile breathlessly, picking himself up and scrambling back towards the tree trunk.

"But why?" asked the lion.

"Why?" exclaimed the crocodile. "Why? But it's absolutely THE thing to do. Everyone, just Everyone is doing it these days." And with that he gave a twist, and started inching himself back up the trunk.

The lion gave a puzzled glance up into the treetops. Sure enough, bears and ground hogs, alligators and tigers, zebras and muskrats were all scrabbling around in the branches.

"Most interesting," thought the lion, looking at a particularly large and solid tree. "Never noticed tree-appeal before." And bunching himself together, he took a great, earth-shaking leap.

"Really nothing to it," thought the lion, clinging rather shakily to the first branch, and exchanging a self-conscious nod with a panther opposite.

But at the next branch the lion had Second Thoughts. He remembered the cool, shady glade that he would be walking in about now, and how it led softly to the river where the water ran crystal clear and fit for drinking.

"Come, come," thought the lion to himself, "Everybody who is Anybody is climbing trees right now." So he urged himself up to the top.

But when he got there, he found it wasn't his type of view at all. "What am I doing, stuck out on a limb like this?" thought the lion. "This climbing business may be a natural for monkeys, but it doesn't fit a lion's life at all." And, with that, he gave an almighty leap and landed back with his feet on the ground.

He was really a very lucky lion. Because climbing trees just because everyone else is doing it is a rat-race. One can get to the top, but one may not like the view.

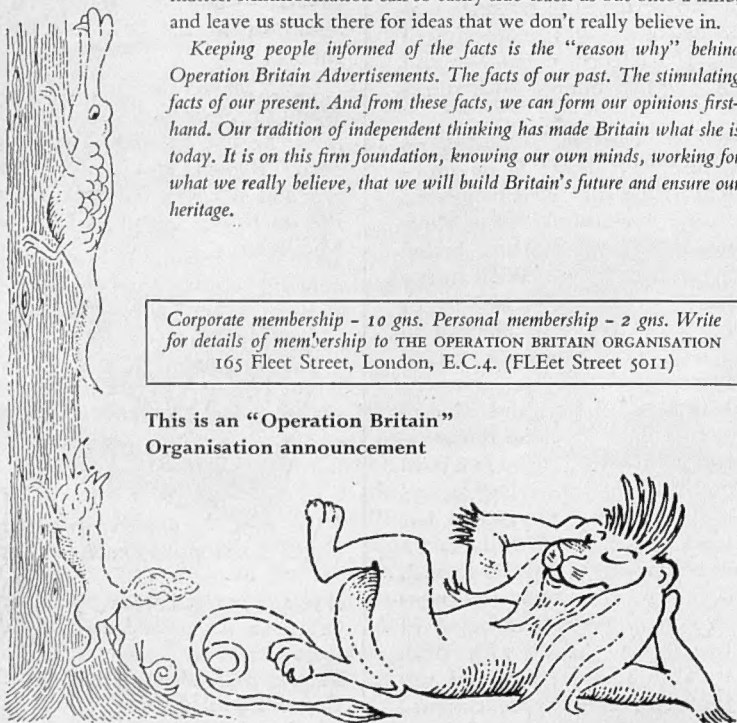
In our language, it is called "keeping up with the Joneses"—living to other people's standards and not our own, forgetting to think for ourselves.

But, thinking for ourselves isn't easy unless we can first consider the real facts of the matter. Misinformation can so easily side-track us out onto a limb, and leave us stuck there for ideas that we don't really believe in.

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DINING OUT

by ISAAC

BICKERSTAFF



Lunatic licensing law

"COME TO BRITAIN" is a loud cry these days. We are told that the tourist business is vital to us. So I decided to visit the new West London Air Terminal in Cromwell Road because I had heard that there was lunacy afoot to do with the licence granted to the restaurant there. I chose the occasion when a friend of mine was leaving by air for his holiday.

It was within the normal licensing hours and we decided to have a light lunch—ham and salad and bread and butter. When we got the food we asked for two lagers. We were told we could not have drinks at the table. Now the distance from our particular table to the actual counter of the bar where we could order and drink whatever we liked was approximately 12 yards. So, leaving our ham, we marched to the bar and ordered our lagers there.

No—we could not take them back to the table. So we took a couple of gulps and marched back to the ham—that's 25 yards so far. Half-way through the ham we got up again and had another go at the lagers we had left on the bar, and then back again to our table—total distance to date, 50 yards.

Then, after the ham was finished, we returned to the bar to finish the lagers; after which, back to our table for coffee (75 yards). Now my friend wanted a brandy with his coffee, so we had a sip of coffee and marched off to the bar again for the brandy, and back to the coffee. We had now done 100 yards. Half-way through the coffee we went back to the bar to finish the brandy and back to the table to finish the coffee, and that was the end of the 125 yards' final. If the table had been on the other side of the room, it could easily have been 300 yards.

If any licensing bench has ever issued a more extraordinary licence than this, especially to a new air terminal in a capital city, I would be delighted to hear about it.

Cyril Lord, who, as everyone knows, did a vast amount to put the cotton trade back on its feet, gave a party for 60 on his 47th birthday at the Bistro Parisienne "La Surprise" in Knightsbridge Green. His choice of this restaurant is not surprising, because not only does it provide cuisine Française of excellent quality and imagination in a very Toulouse-Lautrec atmosphere, but he has a very personal interest in the establishment.

When Marcel Cacciardo, who hails from Marseilles, decided to open "Marcel's" restaurant in Sloane Street, which specializes in cuisine Provençale, Cyril Lord was in full support. This has now been running successfully for four years and when Marcel wanted to spread his Mediterranean wings and open La Surprise two years ago, Cyril Lord was there again to help.

The outstanding menu provided for this birthday party was all cold and went as follows: Foie Gras en Brioche; Bouquet de Crevettes; sauce Verte; Saumon froid Belle vue, Salade Russe; Baron d'Agneau Fleuriste; Suprême de Volaille, Demi Deuil; Ananas Glacé Orientale; Le Gâteau Anniversaire; the only wine being Louis Roederer 1947.

I am sorry to observe that what I thought was a bright and intelligent idea in operation at the "Beefburger" in William IV Street, off the Strand, has been abandoned. On each table they used to have a small electric candle with a button marked "push for service." When you did so the candle lighted up and stayed alight until the waitress arrived.

I am told the reason for their removal was that the customers tampered with them so much that they were constantly out of action. However, as the power behind the throne at the Beefburger is none other than our ace racing motorist, Stirling Moss, I don't think they should have given up so easily. After all, Stirling Moss never gives up until he blows up and the Beefburger is still in one piece.

PERSONAL

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